

CHRISTMAS WEEK NUMBER.

186
INSURANCE
CLAIMS
PAID.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY.

P.W.
COUPON
Dec. 30, 1893.

No. 180.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 30, 1893.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

NEW DEPARTURE IN INSURANCE.

THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS

Gives Life Assurance at Rates slightly above actual cost—that is, at less than half the usual charges of Life Assurance Companies. The Premiums are based upon "The Combined Experience Table," which was prepared by a Committee of eminent Actuaries from the Experience of 17 British Life Offices. This table of EXAMPLES gives the Cost for £100; the Average Premiums of Insurance Companies; the RATES of the I.O.F.; and the SAVING EFFECTED BY JOINING THE ORDER.

Age last Birthday.	The Combined Experience Table Per Year.	Average Cost of £100 in British Assurance Companies Per Year.	I.O.F. Table of Premiums Per Year.	Annual Saving to Members of the I.O.F.
21	£ 8. 4.	£ 10. 4.	£ 5. 0.	£ 3. 4.
25	0 15. 4.	2 0. 4.	0 18. 0.	1 2. 4.
30	0 16. 2.	2 4. 1.	0 19. 0.	1 5. 1.
35	0 17. 6.	2 10. 1.	1 0. 0.	1 10. 1.
40	0 19. 4.	2 17. 4.	1 3. 0.	1 14. 2.
45	1 1. 7.	3 6. 7.	1 5. 0.	2 1. 7.
46	1 5. 4.	3 13. 5.	1 10. 0.	2 8. 5.
49	1 13. 4.	4 19. 19.	1 19. 0.	2 11. 19.

The full sum assured is payable at death. All premium paying of ordinary members in the I.O.F. ceases at 70 years of age, when one tenth of the amount assured is paid to them annually, the unexhausted balance being payable at death. The entrance fees are very moderate, a £100 policy costing 17s.; £200, £1 16s. 6d.; £400, £2 3s.; £600, £2 9s. 6d.; £800, £2 16s.; and £1,000, £3 5s. Court Dues (10s. to 22s. per annum) have to be paid by each member.

The Accumulated Funds amount to £160,000, of which £20,000 has been deposited with the British Government. Every claim has been paid within ten days, £328,000 having thus been paid during the last eleven years.

Chief Office for the United Kingdom:—

24, CHARING CROSS, Whitehall, LONDON.

Office for Scotland:—217, BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW,

Where Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Membership may be obtained.

A SIGNAL SUCCESS.

"It is not in mortals to command success, but we'll do more, Scipionius, we'll deserve it."

THE PEARSON POTTERY CO., HANLEY,

Are selling fast the most wonderful Package of Crockery in the World.

100 Pieces



for £1 1s. 0d.

A beautiful Dinner Service of 50 pieces is guaranteed Worth the Guinea alone, consequently a charming China Tea Service and a useful Collection of Crockery are given FOR NOTHING.

Thousands sold all over the world. Everybody not only satisfied but amazed at the quantity and quality given.

The Secret of the Success.—The Pearson Pottery Company are manufacturers, not middlemen like many other advertisers. The Pearson Potteries have nearly 2,000 feet frontage to the town of Hanley.

Hundreds of packages will be applied for at the last moment for Xmas and New Year Gifts. These should be applied for NOW.

THERE IS NOT A MOMENT TO BE LOST.

The Thirty-Shilling Bazaar Parcel is selling well. Apply at once.

Send a Post Card for Particulars. You will never regret it. Freedom from breakage guaranteed. All letters to the

PEARSON POTTERY COMPANY, HANLEY.

BE SURE TO CUT

10,000 RUGS GIVEN AWAY

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS!

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the readers of Pearson's Weekly. On receipt of this advertisement, accompanied by Postal Order for 6s., or 7d. stamp, we will forward DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS to your address one of our 7s. genuine SEAMLESS, WOVEN, REVERSIBLE CARPETS, suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, &c., hand-somely bordered, and woven in thirty different patterns and art colourings to suit all requirements, and LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER ANY ORDINARY-SIZED ROOM. These Carpets will be sold as an advertisement for the goods of the British Carpet Weaving Company. Below the Actual Cost of Production. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained Direct from our Looms, thus saving the Purchasers all Middle Profits. Over 200,000 sold during the past twelve months.

With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome RUG to match, or we will send 2 Carpets and 2 Rugs for 10/6.

MONEY WILLINGLY RETURNED IF NOT APPROVED.

The Queen says: "Decidedly stouter and handsomer than any of the kind, the price being the outstanding part of the matter." Schoolmistress: "For style, durability, and cheapness they cannot be beaten." Penny Illustrated Paper: "Manufactured in every variety of colour, and is one of the most surprising bargains I have seen." Church Bells: "Truly wonderful value." Sales Journal: "Unequaled for cheapness combined with durability and prettiness."

Thousands of Testimonials similar to the following, and Repeat Orders have been received from our Customers:

61, Abbey Street, Nuneaton, Warwickshire. Mrs. Hootock will thank the British Carpet Weaving Co. to send her one of their Carpets, for which she encloses Postal Order. She has had one of these Carpets in constant wear for some years now, and finds it the best wearing and cheapest carpet she can get.

Mrs. Tans. Wess, 407, Spring Villa, Lower Inc, near Wigan, writes:—The Carpets and Rugs which you sent me are very nice and give every satisfaction. They are really grand value for the money; I have shown them to a great number of my friends, who have expressed their admiration.

All Orders despatched same day as received. Cheques and Postal Orders to be crossed "Union Bank," and made payable to J. HARGREAVES (Established 1872). Address—

THE BRITISH CARPET WEAVING CO.,
31, OLD STREET, ALDERSGATE, LONDON, E.C.

Australian Address—36A, Bourke Street, Melbourne, and 21, Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

NOT APPEAR AGAIN.

THIS OFFER.

PLUMTREE'S HONE-POTTED MEATS



Delicate in Flavour,
Superior
in Quality.

For the Breakfast, Luncheon, Tea, and Supper Table.

Of all Grocers, &c.
Or send 7d.
or 1/3 for sample
jar to maker,

PLUMTREE,
Southport.

Doctors recommend REAST'S PATENT

INVIGORATOR CORSET

For Appearance, Comfort, and Upright Figure.

The COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK says:—"I think them such very good stays, and those you sent for my daughter answered admirably."

The LANCET, July 23rd, 1892, says:—"We have had submitted to us a specimen of 'Reast's Patent Invigorator Corset.' It claims to possess two important qualifications: First that it tends to prevent tight-lacing, so common and so injurious; and Secondly that it lends support to the shoulders by means of straps which cross over the shoulders and thus afford valuable assistance to persons who are weak in the chest, or who have a tendency to stoop. Tight lacing and stooping generally go together—what prevents the one will tend to remedy the other. We have submitted the truth of these statements to practical test, and the Corsets have been found to be a great comfort. While affording a necessary support, these Corsets are made of a material so pliant that they really adapt themselves to all movements of the body."

PRICES:—Girls, 4s. 6d.; Maids, 5s. 6d.; Ladies, 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 12s. 9d.

SPECIALITE—Long Waist, 8s. 6d., 9s. 11d., 12s. 9d., 18s. 9d.

It is difficult in obtaining from Shops, write REAST, 15, CLAREMONT,

HASTINGS, who will send Post Free on approval.

Special Attention given to Gentlemen's Corsets



Advertisements should be sent to "Pearson's Weekly" Advertisement Department, Sell's, 187, Fleet Street, London, E.C. General Offices: Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

The most seasonable "card" to send to any of your friends is the Christmas number of "P. W." or "Short Stories."

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TRANSMISSION AT
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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

HOW
WE SHOULD
LIKE



TO GREET
ALL OUR
READERS.

DOES IT PAY?

If one poor struggling toiler o'er life's road,
Who meets us by the way,
Goes on less conscious of his galling load,
Then life indeed does pay.

If we can show one troubled heart the gain
There lies beneath all loss;
Why, then, we, too, are paid for all the pain
Of bearing life's hard cross.

If some despondent soul was stirred,
Some sad lip moved to smile—
By any act of ours or any word—
Then life has been worth while.

Though all sweet things are missing from our lot,
Wherein all woes are rife,
If to some other we one joy have brought,
We should thank God for life.

WAKING A WIFE.

THAT the wife of a preacher should yield to the persuasions of "tired Nature's sweet restorer" while her dignified good man is doing his best to enlighten his audience, is indeed a shame and a reproach; yet I do not find myself inclined to sympathise with the Scotch minister who on observing his better half tranquilly enjoying a blissful nap at what he regarded the most eloquent part of his discourse, with a shout that was loud enough to waken not only the sleepers in the church, but those in the churchyard as well, cried:

"Susan, Susan! I didna marry ye for yer wealth, sin ye had none. And I didna marry ye for yer beauty—that the whole congregation can see. And if ye hae na grace, I hae made a sair bargain in ye, indeed!"

DOES FREEZING KILL FISH?

A NUMBER of live perch were secured and placed in water at an ice factory, and the water was put in the process of crystallisation. It requires about sixty hours to freeze a cake of ice, and during this time the fish were watched to ascertain the effect of the intense cold which surrounded them. They kept alive and continued to swim in the water until their confines were so narrowed that they had no space in which to move.

The ice in its freezing process begins at the outside and freezes towards the centre, so the space in which the fish had their liberty was gradually narrowed down until the fish were encased and the water around them froze, pinioning them tightly in its folds.

Each fish, when the cake was completed, was as natural as life, its fins and tail being spread as they were while in the act of swimming. The cake of ice containing the fish was placed on exhibition, and numerous bets were made as to the outcome of the experiment.

The cake was left for a day or so, and then cut open and the fish, taken out, placed in water. They were left for some time, and out of the five fish which were originally put in the cake none of them exhibited a return to life.

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Hi, sirrah, a word with you! If you have a mother, a sister, an aunt, a lady cousin, or a lady love, show her the notice on page 382.

DOSS-HOUSE INMATES.

A P. W. man had a conversation the other evening with an East-end doss-house keeper regarding the class of people who take shelter under his roof.

"Lor' bless you," said he, "we 'ave all sorts—lords, foreign noblemen, schoolmasters, and every rank you can think of. For two weeks this year a celebrated authoress used to come and sleep here every night; just to get impressions, so she said.

"I had a baronet as a reg'lar lodger, too, once. He was a very reserved man, and had a room all to 'imself, though 'e cooked 'is own food with the others. Sometimes 'e would receive a little money, and then 'ed go away for a time, but 'ed soon come back again. Then I've 'ad many young swells, who've spent all their money coming 'ere, in the early hours of the morning, for a bit of rest. Why, you'd be surprised at the number of society folk who come down east to take their amusements.

"Ladies do it sometimes, too. There was a party of four down here one night—Americans, and they 'ad been lookin' in at the penny-gaffs and the small music 'alls. Somehow or other they received a fright, and dropped in 'ere.

"There are lots of men who once held prominent public positions, and whose names have been widely read in the newspapers in connection with important undertakings, to be found in the doss-houses of a night. I also know of a lady who used to thrill large audiences by 'er magnificent singing, but who can't afford to pay more than fourpence a night for lodging."

EVEN THE COMMERCIAL RETIRED.

"I REMEMBER," he said, without further preliminary "a queer circumstance which happened to me during a summer visit I made some years ago in Yorkshire. I am reminded of it by the story our friend here"—nodding towards the commercial traveller—"tells of a shower of fish falling from the sky. I can readily believe his story"—the commercial traveller looked grateful—"and I hope he will believe mine.

"One afternoon we were sitting out in front of my friend's house, some three or four of us, noticing the peculiar shape, colour, and movement of the clouds, when all at once, as true as Gospel, gentlemen, an elephant, alive and kicking, dropped right down in front of us out of the sky, and a more astonished brute I never saw, believe me."

The commercial traveller sat spell-bound and everybody else speechless.

The quiet man looked round at his auditors and took a deep breath.

"It's as true as preaching, gentlemen," he went on, "and though, as a rule in Yorkshire, it doesn't rain elephants, it did on that occasion, and is accounted for by the fact that a cyclone had struck a circus twenty miles to the west of us, and, furthermore, it was raining lions and tigers, and horses and hyenas, and monkeys and tent-pins for a week afterwards, the biggest things, of course, coming down soonest."

"My dear sir," gasped the commercial traveller as the quiet man was about to continue, "don't say another word. I travel for a firm of wine and spirit merchants, and if you want a barrel of whisky give me your address, and I'll send it by the first cyclone that passes our place."

A HUNDRED DRUNKARDS WANTED.

FREE OFFER OF A HUNDRED OF DR. TYSON'S CURE, VALUED AT TEN GUINEAS EACH—£1,050.

PROBABLY the majority of the readers of this paper remember a very startling article which appeared in July last under the heading "Workers and their Work," and which dealt with Dr. Tyson's wonderful discovery for the cure of drunkenness. His treatment has been publicly tested in Birmingham and other towns in the United Kingdom, and two or three times particulars have appeared in P. W. of the reports of the committees that have conducted these tests. In every case the cures have been most complete.

Convinced of the enormous importance of this matter to thousands and thousands of people with whom drunkenness is nothing more or less than a disease, which, until Dr. Tyson stepped forward, was a practically incurable one, I have gone into the matter most exhaustively.

In August last we fitted up a room in this office with a bed, and kept it in, under supervision, for a sufficient time a man named George Stockwell, who was at the time, and had been for many years previously, a confirmed drunkard, with absolutely no power to resist the craving for liquor.

The result of the treatment was that George Stockwell, of 29, Senegal Road, South Bermondsey, has become a new man. Never since he was treated at this office has he felt the desire to drink, and no strong liquor has since passed his lips. I have heard constantly from him since his treatment, and publish here a sample of his letters:—

"29, Senegal Road,

"South Bermondsey.

"Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in stating that I am going on splendidly, for all the craving for drink has left me, and everybody that knew me before I underwent your treatment cannot make out what has wrought such a change in me. I go every morning to fetch the beer for the foreman and I have not the least desire to have any myself. Before I took your medicine my eyes in the morning were like two burnt holes in a blanket; now they are as bright and clear as they used to be when I was ten years of age. All the aching pains have left me now; before I had to drag myself upstairs by the banisters, but now I can run up like a cat. Last Saturday was the first time for eighteen years that I took home a full week's wages.

"Yours gratefully,
(Signed) "G. STOCKWELL."

Of course, the permanency of the cure is a very important point, and regarding it investigations have been made in America, where Dr. Tyson resides, and where his cure was first tried.

The result of these has shown that numerous confirmed drunkards who were treated more than two years ago have never, up to the present, felt the smallest desire for drink, and assert positively that they are sure they never will again.

Now, it is quite time that this great discovery should be noised abroad. I wish it to be distinctly understood that I have no interest in it whatever. The remedies are prescribed like any other medicine, by Dr. Tyson's medical advisers, the cost of a complete course of treatment being ten guineas. The usual method pursued is to write to Dr. Tyson's representatives, Messrs. W. B. Hair and Son, 249b, High Holborn, London, W.C., who in return forward a question sheet. When this has been filled up and returned it is sent to the medical expert retained by the firm (whom I have satisfied myself is a duly qualified medical man), and who prescribes the proper form of medicine, and forwards it with full instructions as to how it should be taken. To effect a cure takes about twenty-one days.

After I felt that I had satisfied myself on this matter, and had assured myself of the genuineness of the hundreds of testimonials which Dr. Tyson's representatives held, I entered into communication with them, with the result that they have empowered me to offer to the readers of P. W. 100 Treatments, the value of which is ten guineas each, free of charge.

All who avail themselves of the offer will be asked to send full particulars of the way in which the cure has progressed. These will be kept absolutely private if it is so wished.

This offer remains open until January 11th, 1894 (a fortnight from the date for which the paper is dated), and applications should be forwarded to this office (not to the offices of Dr. Tyson's representatives), marked "Tyson." Applications will not be entertained from inebriates themselves, but must be received from some relative or friend who is prepared to undertake the proper supervision of the treatment prescribed.

In the event of more than a hundred applications arriving those received first will be given preference. When sufficient time has elapsed a general report of the result of the hundred tests will appear in these columns, and I think that its appearance will settle once and for all the much debated question as to whether there is a cure for drunkenness, or whether there is not.

THE GAOLER'S WIFE.

By G. B. BURGIN.

CHAPTER I.

ROLAND GREY walked to the window and looked out at the peaceful little Canadian village of Four Corners. The streets were still with the silence of night. Heavy masses of snow veiled the shimmering peaked roofs of the houses. From his room at the Four Corners Hotel Grey could see the infrequent lights of the habitants' cottages flicker on the Ottawa shore. Winter had set in; in a day or two he would perhaps be able to drive across the river, and push on to Montreal. His people would look for him in England within the next three weeks, but Grey had lingered on to enjoy the sweet, silent majesty and gorgeous colouring of the Indian summer.

Suddenly it had dawned upon him that there would be festivities at Lyme within a month's time, from which the heir could not very well absent himself. When, however, he pushed on to the Four Corners he was unable to cross, as the river had not yet frozen over, and there was no other way of making the passage. The ice had never been so late before. No one could understand the reason of the delay. No one but Grey, that is, and it was only subsequent events which opened his eyes.

And now that he could not get on, Grey found himself possessed by a fierce desire to do so. For two days he had chafed round the little village, spending most of his time in the post-office, which was also the centre of Four Corners' civilisation. The postmaster pegged boots, and punctured his conversation with emphatic little taps.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth. It may blow the ice out of the bay or blow it in again. You'd better have a good time till it's safe to drive across to Greenville. What's your hurry, Mister?"

Grey explained his hurry. The postmaster was not sympathetic.

"Going to celebrate coming into money you haven't earned?" he said. "You'd order move into the Bush, and work for your livin'. Then you'd know how to live."

Grey, worried in wordy contest, had returned to his room at the hotel. The hot stove made his head ache. He put his hand to his forehead with a gesture of impatience. Someone glided softly into the room, smelt the hot air, and returned with a pitcher of water to pour into the pan on the stove. Then the newcomer coughed apologetically, as if anxious to awaken Grey's attention.

Grey looked round (he had been rocking idly to and fro in a chair) and saw that his visitor was not a woman of the house.

"Did you want to see me?"

"Yes," said the new-comer quietly but resolutely. "Can you spare a quarter of an hour? I must be back soon after. I came in quietly on purpose."

She spoke with a suspicion of Scotch burr in her voice. Grey sprang up, handed her a chair, and she threw back her cloak as if the heat of the room were overpowering, at the same time closing her eyes.

She was a woman of about thirty, of small stature, with a beautiful Madonna-like face, white and worn, but very noble. Dense masses of thick black hair were coiled under a seal-skin cap and partly escaped into the grey hood of her cloak. One glove slipped to the floor. As it did so Grey noticed that her fingers were long, white, and thin. When she afterwards opened her eyes he discovered that they were soft and tender and brown—the eyes of a woman who loves to the death. But now her long lashes had closed over them, and she lay back sleeping like a worn-out child.

Grey let her sleep for five minutes. He could not deny himself the pleasure of gazing at her. The scarlet upholstery of the chair formed a fitting background for her small, tired figure. As the water in the stove-pan began to heat, and the air grew moister, he felt interested in this tired, unknown woman. Perhaps she was hiding from a brutal husband.

He had not been in a free fight during the whole of his stay in Canada, although a revolver reposed snugly in his hip pocket. Had the time come to withdraw the weapon from its ignoble seclusion in aid of this little woman, whose tranquil breathing scarcely broke the silence of the cheerful room? Should he wake her? Hadn't she said something about leaving in a quarter of an hour?

Grey rose from his chair and moved towards the sleeping woman. In an instant she was wide awake, with a fierce hunted look upon her features, and the hand which had hung over the side of her chair swiftly travelled to a pocket in her dress.

Grey stayed where he was.

"I—I beg your pardon," he said. "Five minutes gone."

"Five—! Oh-h-h, yes, I—I—" She became more composed and looked around as if endeavouring to remember where she was. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Grey, but I was very tired and exhausted."

"You are unstrung," he said kindly. "Let me prescribe my favourite remedy for extreme cases."

He went into his bedroom, dived among the trunks, and returned with a small bottle of champagne, deftly extracting the cork without any noise.

"Take this, please," he said, pouring out a small tumblerful. "It will be meat and drink to you."

She drank slowly, prettily, and a rich colour dawned in her white face. "You wish me to help you?" Grey asked, when she had put down the tumbler with a little quivering sigh of relief.

"Can I trust you—with a woman's secret? I am a woman who needs help. No other woman in the world ever needed it so sorely," she panted.

Grey was moved. "Don't tell me more than you want to. Say all that's necessary whilst I get my things on."

In an instant she was calm and composed, and methodically arranging her dress.

"I only heard to-night of your being here," she said.

"You're an English gentleman, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'm an Englishman."

"Well, I want you to help me."

Grey looked at her beseeching, liquid eyes for a moment. Sincerity and truth shone in them; there could be no meanness, treachery, or deceit where a woman looked one straight in the face as she did. "I will help you," he said.

The woman gazed her thanks. "But I must explain, and the time is so short."

"Never mind explanations."

"Oh, but you can't understand if I don't tell you. I'm the gaoler's wife."

"Yes."

"And—and—" She hesitated. "You'll not betray me? I've borne the strain for months. Promise to be true. I can't appeal to anyone else; I've no one to trust. I'm all alone."

"I will help you," replied Grey, mastered by the woman's terrible earnestness. He felt that the matter was no joke; that an adventure seen from afar presents a very different aspect to the one it adopts when near at hand. "Don't doubt me," he continued. "I see you're in terrible trouble. What's a man good for if he can't help a suffering woman?"

"You're good. Oh, I'm sure you're good. And it's gone on for months. I'm nearly mad, too."

She wept quietly now. All the chivalry in Grey's nature answered the tears dripping through her long fingers.

"My husband's—mad."

"Yes?"

"I've done wrong to hide it, but he knew it was coming on, and made me promise to keep the secret."

"Poor woman!"

"It means beggary to our child if his madness is discovered. And he made me promise. He felt he'd get better. A prisoner struck him one day; he's never been the same since."

"Poor woman!" again said Grey.

"When the neighbours came in I had to talk to them—to keep them away. He was absent—quiet. Only incoherent now and again. I would tell them he was tired, or thinking of—of religion. He's a very good man; too much religion has driven him mad—all this trying to understand the infinite. Lately, he's been better. But I've to be ever at his side, put words into his mouth, check his wandering thoughts, answer for him. No one suspects. People think him a little absent, that's all. If I can only hold out till to-morrow he'll be entitled to his retiring pension. To-morrow, I can tell the truth—go out to the neighbours—say he'll resign; and he and the child will be provided for. You're a stranger; that's why I come to you. You'll be gone in a day or two, and no one will ever know about it. But—but I'm afraid."

"Of whom?"

She rose to her feet excitedly.

"There's only one man in the gaol—a condemned murderer. And he's watching for a chance to kill my husband."

Grey recoiled in horror at the ghastliness of the situation.

"Now—don't you see—don't you understand! Every time my husband goes into the gaol I must be by his side; every time he enters that cell I must cover the man with a revolver. A little slip, a moment's carelessness, and the man's hands choke his life away. If my eyes shut, I wake in terror; if my husband stirs, my heart leaps. At night I handcuff him to me; and when the restless demon which will not let him sleep takes possession of him, he walks round the prison, dragging me, half-dazed, through the bitter night."

"No one knows anything about my husband's madness but the murderer. He's guessed it. He never says anything, but just looks. He's always trying to get my husband between us, so that the revolver will be useless. Sometimes he puts his prison plate in a corner of the cell, where my husband must stoop to pick it up. I have to go in myself and pick it out. He's afraid of me, but he's desperate. He wants to kill someone before he dies. My husband talks to him—tries to convert him—to prepare him for the end. And the man answers softly, with a horrible grin, that there's only one thing for him to do, and then he'll gladly die. That one thing is to kill my husband."

Grey hastily put on his overcoat.

"He speaks softly to my husband; talks to him of the merciful Christ, and tries to lure him nearer. All the time, all the time, there's that look in his eye. He's waiting to spring. And my poor, mad husband, thinks in some dim way that if he can only save the man's soul the Lord will restore his own reason. At moments—confused moments—he knows he's mad, and thinks this is the atonement."

"Haven't you any friends?"

She shivered. "They're all such good people here. They'd think me desperately wicked, and say it was a judgment. It's the want of sleep which tells on me. I gave my husband a sleeping-draught to-night, and stole out to find you. A visitor this afternoon said you were here. My only hope is in you. Will you watch for me to-night? If I don't sleep I shall go mad. And it's only for one more day—one more day."

Grey put on his fur cap.

"To-night will be the last night. You don't know what it is to feel great leaden hands pressing darkness over you; you don't know what it is to feel that if sleep overtakes you, your husband will be murdered. And to-morrow—if I can only hold out till to-morrow—I can tell the truth; but if I don't sleep to-night I shall go mad—I shall go mad."

Grey took her arm within his own. "Come, we'll go at once."

She leant against him, struggling to overcome her drowsiness.

"It's so warm—so warm—and bright," she murmured sleepily. "So warm. Can't we stay a lit— No, no, we mustn't, we mustn't. The lamplight's turning to blood. Keep—me—awake! For God's sake keep—me—awake. Keep—me—awake!" And her eyes closed again.

Grey made a desperate effort to get his companion out of the hot room down the back stairs of the hotel. When they were once outside, the fresh air revived her.

It had ceased snowing. Countless shifting lights of the Aurora Borealis flitted in filmy curtains of lace across a steel blue sky. The keen air bit Grey to the bone as he half-led, half-dragged his companion towards the gaol, a huge, sombre, stone building at the other end of the village. The recent snow had filled up the woman's footsteps.

As Grey dragged her along, all past knowledge also seemed to have been swept away from her mind. Her long hair

escaped from its fastenings and pulled back her head with its weight of ebony tresses until it fell on his shoulder. As they neared the gaol she pointed to the light which burnt in the little porch.

"That's it! That's it!" she said. "Tread softly. We mustn't wake him. We mustn't wake him. Here's the key. Don't fumble so. Can't you open a lock? Oh, forgive me. That's it. Now across the hall, through this room. Mind the cradle. You'll see how handsome, how noble he is, even in sleep. Oh, if God will but give him back to me. Softly, softly. We mustn't wake him. No cypriote keeps him asleep long. Now, look—"

With a fond smile on her features she held the light in the direction of the bed. Suddenly she let the lamp fall, and Grey caught it just in time.

"It's—it's empty!"

Grey and the woman looked each other in the face, a scared, ashen pallor creeping over her features. The child woke up. As they confronted each other for the space of a second it began to cry. In an instant the woman was down on her knees fondling it. Then she covered it up, regardless of its cries, and turned to Grey.

"Come!" she cried hoarsely. "Come!" and clutched him by the wrist.

Grey mechanically felt for his pistol and followed her, lamp in hand, as the woman glided swiftly along, filled with an overwhelming terror. Presently they came to the kitchen, wherein a cat purled sleepily before the stove. Beyond this kitchen, with its rows of shining metal dish-covers and pretty crockery and general air of warmth and comfort, was a narrow passage, and, frowning darkly at the end of the narrow passage, stood the grim iron gate which separated the living-rooms from the gaol.

The woman glided up to the gate, still dragging at Grey's wrist. It swung softly back at her hurried touch, and Grey followed, shading the light of the lamp with his hand.

CHAPTER II.

GREY peered over the woman's shoulder into the darkness beyond. At first he could see nothing, but, as his eyes gradually grew accustomed to the dim light, he discovered they were looking into a big room. The corners of this room were in deepest shadow. There was no window, but only a small skylight in the roof. In the centre of the room stood a small table; on the table a lamp; and, facing each other, sat two men.

The light from the lamp reached far enough for Grey to notice its reflection on the iron bars which lined the sides of the room. Each of these bars fronted a cell, and the loosely heaped up bedding for every cell had the effect of making the narrow divisions look as if they contained a dead body. One of the doors stood open.

In the excitement of the moment Grey put one hand on the woman's shoulder. She trembled violently.

As the two men sat at the table, Grey saw their faces in profile. The elder man, with the features of an apostle, read, in measured tones, from a Bible. But it was the expression of the murderer's face opposite which fascinated Grey. He had thin lips, pointed chin, a shock of red hair coming down to his eyes. His head sloped upward to a point. The long narrow eyes were mere slits. For so young a man—he looked about twenty—he was exceedingly muscular. A hairy hand lay on the table. As the unconscious gaoler read on, it closed and opened convulsively, or reached stealthily, inch by inch, forward towards the book, as if fearing to pass it.

Grey followed the fellow's murderous meaning in every movement of his hands, every glance from his red-rimmed eyes, every laboured breath he drew. A frantic lust for slaughter had taken possession of the criminal. He played with his victim as a cat does with a mouse. And every second his great hairy hand crept nearer and nearer the dreaded table, and yet could not pass it, as the mad gaoler read from the Sermon on the Mount, his musical, resonant voice waking the echoes in the bare room, and reaching the ears of the overstrung woman who listened:

"Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you."

The gaoler paused to wind the lamp a little higher. "Turn again and rend you," said the murderer. "And so, gaoler, if you cast that which is holy before swine like me, you'd deserve to be rent in pieces?"

The gaoler looked up in dim surprise. Some change in the questioner's tone strangely affected his disordered mind. The murderer continued to lash the fervid rage, the fierce exaltation, the lust for blood which worked within him. He spoke quietly, but in a harsh whisper. His hand was very near the Bible now.

"Gaoler, gaoler, I'm to die; and there's no way out of it. If I escape from here I shall be caught—hunted down. People would tear me to bits. But I've been here three months. And you've prayed for me for three months, gaoler; watched over me; made my days a burden to me; and I've spoken you softly though you've dangled hell-fire before me. You've made me die a thousand deaths, gaoler, with your infernal cant about the hereafter."

"But I'm grateful, and I'm going to prove my gratitude. To-night you've let me out of my cell. You've prayed for me; gaoler, you think I'm lost to all eternity. Day after day you've kept me here, and that white-faced woman of yours has covered me with her pistol, and I haven't had a chance."

"But now, gaoler, you've prayed to-night and you're fit to die. I can't be hung twice; and it's gruesome work to die alone. So we've to go together, gaoler. For you're mad, gaoler—as mad as I am; and if you die mad, you're a poor, lost soul like me."

"Yes," said the gaoler softly; "we're both poor, lost souls."

"But we're good comrades, gaoler. Oh, yes, we're good comrades; and we'll journey together. I've watched that white-faced woman of yours with the blazing eyes, and I know she's given way at last. You've worn her out with your mad freaks; you've tortured her as men are never tortured where we go to-night. If I didn't hate her so much I'd let you live. But she knows me, she knows I'm afraid of her."

"She must be ill or asleep, gaoler. When she comes back, she'll find us sleeping too. And she'll die, and we'll all be in everlasting torment together. But I must be quick, gaoler, and send you there, or she'll be back, back, back; and I shall be taken out into the yard where they keep my coffin ready for me up on the rafters, and they will choke me to death. Come, gaoler, come. We'll be bedfellows from this night for ever."

The foam fell from the corners of his wild-beast mouth, and, leaning over the table, he aimed a terrible blow at the gaoler's forehead. The table slipped, and pushed the gaoler violently to the ground, as a sharp, whiplike crack rang through the gloom.

The murderer threw up his hands with a yell and fell face foremost across the table. Something hung limply against Grey's shoulder, gave a long-drawn, shuddering sigh, and slipped to the ground.

Grey listened for a moment, but there was no sound. Hastily making his way to the kitchen, he returned with a lamp.

The murderer had been shot through the head, and the gaoler was stunned. The revolver of the gaoler's wife lay on the floor beside her.

Grey dragged the woman out of the gloom, down the passage, and into the warm firelight. There he laid her on a couch and went to the gaoler's assistance.

The gaoler leant against the table, rubbing his forehead in a bewildered way as if he had just awakened from a dream. "Why, what's all this?" he asked, in clear, rational tones.

Grey hastily led him into the kitchen, leaving the murderer's body in the darkness.

The gaoler's wife sat up wringing her hands. "I had to do it—I had to do it!" she said to Grey. "Now I'm a murderer!"

"I fired first," said Grey quietly, showing an empty chamber of his revolver in support of his assertion. At the wild look of joy which came into her face he felt amply repaid. If this woman learned the truth she would also go mad. She should never know that hers was the hand which had fired the fatal shot.

Presently the gaoler spoke. "Have I been ill, Jessie? I don't seem to remember what's happened."

"Your prisoner tried to escape, and I shot him," said Grey. "You were stunned by the fall."

The gaoler still looked confused. "Get him to bed," Grey whispered to the woman. "The shock has restored his reason. He'll be all right to-morrow."

With a supreme effort, the woman led him into her bedroom. "Come—to—our—child!" she said. The door closed behind them, their voices mingled together. Presently, Grey stole across the room and listened. He could hear their deep, regular breathing. They were asleep.

He returned to the kitchen. The cat rubbed itself against his legs. He noticed a jug of milk on the table, drank a deep draught, and poured out some in a saucer for the cat. Then he replenished the fire, and sat down to await the dawn, dimly understanding why he had been unable to cross the river.

DAINTY little Margaret
Wagered me a kiss,
And the nature of our bet
Something was like this:

Should I win from Margaret,
I might claim a kiss:
If hers were the lucky bet,
Hers would be the bliss!

Surely I have never met
Wager fair as this;
Luck may do its worst, and yet
Never run amiss.

AN American says that from his late experience of English weather, he should imagine that "Rain, Britannia!" ought to be as popular in England as "Hail Columbia!" is in the States.

DR. HANS VON BULOW's reputation for smart sayings is well known. The latest to come under his lash are composers of comic operas. They may, he says, "be divided into two classes—those who plagiarise from the barrel-organs and those who write for them."

ONE big, burly farmer said to another, as they were returning from the burial of a teetotaler's wife:

"Did they gie ye ocht?"
"Na, n' a drap. Got ye ocht?"
"Na, na; neither bite nor sup. He's getting unco' cheap awa' wi' her, I think."

A VERDICT of murder had just been brought in. "Your lordship," said the prisoner's counsel, rising and addressing the Court, "I demand a new trial."

"On what ground?" asked the judge.

"On the ground that some members of the jury are incompetent to render a just verdict. Among them are an undertaker, a rope manufacturer, a florist, and a dealer in mourning goods."

A new trial was granted.

ANOTHER INSURANCE CLAIM PAID.

MR. E. C. BAILEY, Medical Student, 7, Upper Chadwell Street, Myddelton Square, E.C. Collar-bone broken. Football. Nov. 29th.

As the above had a signed coupon at the time of accident, the Ocean Company has forwarded him a cheque for £5.

BELIEVED IN HIS DOCTOR.

A COUNTRY doctor up North, walking out one day with a neighbour, who boasted he was a rank local-vetoist, resolved to put him to the test. Passing an hotel, he asked him in, and ordered two glasses of champagne. After they had "shifted" these and two or three more at the doctor's expense, his friend began to get a wee bit "glib o' the gab." The doctor then, feeling he had him, bluntly asked:

"How does this square, John, wi' yer teetotal pretensions?"

"Weel," quoth John, with a quiet smile, "though I'm a staunch teetotaler, I'd be a fule to refuse what the doctor orders."

HOW LATE HOURS CAME ABOUT.

THERE was a time when work ended with sunset. Then, with shops shut up, there was nothing to tempt quiet folk out of doors into darkness and real danger, and the best means of street lighting that men could devise or try, still left the narrow ways dim and unsafe.

By 1736 the number of public lamps had been increased to what was then considered the astonishing number of 5,000, and these were left burning until sunrise. Before the end of the century the lighting of the streets had so much improved that a new habit of going out after dark had grown up, to which shopkeepers were quick to accommodate themselves; and although some parts of London, as late as 1819, were still left to the flickering mercies of oil-lamps, gas had by that time become general, and had done its worst in destroying the ease and leisure of shop assistants.

They began, then, their long revolt against late hours, and in 1821 publicly appealed to employers to shorten "the immoderate hours of business," asking, modestly enough, that the time of closing should be made ten o'clock in summer and nine in the winter.

When it could be considered a privilege to leave work within two hours of midnight we know well enough what had to be ordinarily endured, without the recollection of men who then stood at the counter till after eleven every night, and far on into Sunday morning before their week's work was concluded, who often crawled wearily upstairs, quite worn out, and fell upon the bed, too tired to undress, and often too exhausted to sleep.

Then followed in 1842 a Metropolitan Drapers' Association for Abridging the Hours of Business, but this soon received a severe check in the repeal of the excise duty on glass three years later.

The manufacture had been commenced in this country a few years before, but with the freedom of the trade from official regulations and taxation large and still larger panes began to take the place of the narrow squares of old shop fronts, and to the public gas and glass together proved irresistible.

And that was how late hours came about, and made shop assistants the modern slaves of the lamp.

A PAYING SWINDLE.

A P. W. man had a chat the other morning with an artist who, on account of the very small demand for works of art, has been reduced almost to penury.

"Although I studied at the best academies and took many prizes," said he, "I work for a man who buys his pictures by the yard, and I get about eight shillings for each painting of something like two feet in length, providing my own canvas and paints. There must be about ten artists employed by this man, who gets rid of scores of pictures every week at shops where they have sham auctions."

"We also get jobs of copying 'old masters,' and other well-known pictures. Some of them, no doubt, are passed off on the Continent as original, the signatures of leading artists being forged by a man in the East-end who makes his living solely out of the work. Some of these forgers, by-the-way, are extremely well paid; they think nothing of charging five shillings for each signature."

"My employer also does a lot in the violin business—both genuine and fraudulent. He gets a lot of wretched instruments from France for about half a sovereign apiece, and after touching them up with considerable ingenuity, sells them as the work of some celebrated maker of a bygone day, sometimes receiving as much as £25 for an article which cost him ten or eleven shillings at the most."

"It is extremely difficult to tell the difference between a genuine and a sham violin, for the forger takes the original to pieces and minutely copies every part, even to the shading of the varnish. There are any number of instruments in use which, costing a sovereign, were sold by the swindling dealer for scores of pounds."

"The cheap articles one sees in many of the sham auction shops are bought for almost nothing on the Continent. Opera-glasses of the value of about two shillings are got up to look like fifteen-shilling articles, and easily sell at a large profit over here. It is the same with clocks, watches, and ornaments: worth scarcely anything at all, they are readily sold because, on casual inspection, they look like a genuine article. My employer has a huge stock of this rubbish, which he sells by auction at an enormous profit."

FRAUDULENT CONTENTS BILLS.

ALTHOUGH it is perhaps a platitude to say that if Rumour is the greatest liar on earth, therefore the newspaper Press, which is almost wholly devoted to the invention or retelling of rumours, must also be somewhat of a liar, the practice of systematic lying for pence and half-pence has now reached such dimensions as make it a grave public nuisance.

Take, for instance, the last exciting piece of "news" that came from Matabeleland. It was absolutely false, and yet two or three of the evening papers in London covered their contents bills with the largest and blackest of type setting forth a "Serious Reverse to the British in Matabeleland." As patriotism has not altogether succumbed to the politics of the back yard and the parish pump, hundreds—I might indeed say thousands—of people bought those papers on the strength of that announcement.

I saw one paper-seller in Piccadilly Circus who was selling a penny evening paper almost as fast as he could hand the copies out, possibly because he elaborated the announcement by adding, "Great slaughter. Hundreds killed!" at the top of his voice.

Being a journalist, I did not buy a copy of the paper. I knew it was a lie because, strange as it may appear, there is an evening paper in London which does not live on sensationalism, and the contents bill of that paper said nothing about the alleged British defeat. The next morning the rumour was contradicted and disposed of, and within twenty-four hours it was dead.

Now, the papers to which I refer must have sold thousands of copies on the strength of contents bills which advertised an entirely spurious article, namely, a piece of false news, and with a view to getting at the rights and wrongs of the matter I put a case to a legal friend as follows: Suppose I had invested a penny on the strength of the statement in the contents bill could I, as a matter of principle, have prosecuted either the publisher, or the paper-seller, or both, for obtaining money under false pretences?

The law appears to be a little mixed on this, as well as on most other points. A man who sells papers by crying news that is not in them, or by deliberately misrepresenting the contents, can be prosecuted, but his action does not affect the proprietors of the paper, who are themselves liable if the contents bill exhibited by them explicitly states as a fact that which is not a fact.

On the other hand, the law, as might be expected, leaves a very convenient loop-hole for the offender by drawing one of its hair-splitting distinctions between a statement of fact and a report of what may or may not be fact.

This being so, it would seem that unscrupulous newspaper proprietors may sell tens of thousands of papers by means of a lying announcement on their contents bill—or, in other words, obtain large sums of money on false pretences—and yet escape responsibility through the legal distinction between fact and report; wherefore no person in his senses would dream of risking the expense of a prosecution even on the most outrageously fraudulent contents bill.

The paper which announces as a fact on its contents bill that which it gives as a report, or rumour, in its columns, is certainly guilty of a fraud on the public, but practically the public has no remedy, saving, of course, to drop the paper after they have been swindled once, it may be taken as a safe rule that the newspaper which puts forth the most sensational contents bill, has the least reliable news in its columns.

OF all the birds that please us with their lays the most popular is the hen.

IN a small theatre in the provinces, at the close of a play, the curtain would not descend, but remained suspended half-way down. Stretched on the stage lay a solitary dead man. As all endeavours to lower the curtain failed, the "corpse" at length got up, and murmuring in sepulchral tones, "No rest even in the grave!" dragged the curtain to the floor.

A QUEER CRITTER.—When a stranger makes his appearance in the backwoods of Canada he is naturally presumed to be on the look-out for game. Last summer a distinguished prelate of the Episcopal Church found himself stranded in a small village in that region, and was compelled to put up at a farmhouse.

"Do you have many Episcopalians down here?" he inquired of his very hospitable hostess.

"Well, really now, I don't know," she answered. "Our hired man shot some sort of a queer critter down back of the barn the other day, but he claimed it was a wood-chuck."

PLEASANT READING FOR CHRISTMASTIDE.

The Christmas Numbers of "P.W." (price 3d.) and "S.S." (price 6d.) can still be obtained. Plenty of good stories profusely illustrated. With Coloured Plates.

The sun rises at 8.8 on Christmas Day, but you'll find that he (spelled with an "o") won't rise till about 10 or 11 o'clock the next morning. If you see it in P.W., it's so.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

1746. Which is the most Striking Instance of the Truth of the Saying, "The Madness of One Age is the Wisdom of the Next?"

The theory of Lucretius, preserved for 1,900 years by scholars struck by the skill he displayed in composition, and the strikingly picturesque phrases which abound in his poems, were regarded by scientists at the beginning of this century as mere midsummer madness. Yet Lucretius is substantially in accord with modern science, and expounded some of the newest theories of modern medicine. For instance, he explains contagious diseases by the perpetual flying about in the air of minute particles—germs as we call them—injurious to life; and, again, in his account of the various types of animal life as they successively appeared on the earth, we have anticipations "of the survival of the fittest," and of the Darwinian theory of evolution. The madness of the first century before the Christian era has become the wisdom of the latter half of the nineteenth century.

1748. Do Animals Faint?

They do so, but very much more rarely than human beings. Fainting is due to one of three causes, great heat, shock, or weakness. The nervous system of animals does not seem to be sufficiently highly developed to make it possible for them to faint from any but physical causes. Their emotions cannot be roused to that pitch of intensity at which they interfere with the physical functions. When animals faint they do so either from extreme pain or great heat. Cats have been known to conceal themselves in ovens or near fires and to be found in a fainting condition from the heat. The writer once saw a kitten, whose leg had been crushed, faint from pain, and restored it by the usual means. Horses have been known to drop in a fainting condition from over-work, but this has probably been due to an over-strain on the heart. The species of coma which comes from great loss of blood, is of course common to both men and animals.

1752. How Does an Incombustible Substance Placed in a Fire Increase the Heat Given Out?

By absorbing and retaining heat that would otherwise escape by the chimney. Incombustible, porous, and fibrous substances, like fire-brick and asbestos, act as reservoirs, and check the dissipation of heat. Their porosity and retention of air make them good non-conductors, and very useful when it is desired to concentrate and increase the accumulation of heat, which, moreover, in this way is more evenly given out by radiation from the fire. One reason for putting a poker in a dull fire to revive it is that the iron concentrates the heat, and therefore promotes combustion.

1751. Which is the most Striking Example in History of the "Ambition that o'erleaps itself?"

At first sight it would seem that the question would be answered by the careers of both Alexander the Great and Napoleon; but with regard to the first it must be remembered that his career was cut short by fever, and not by the legitimate results of his ambition; while as to the latter, other forces besides his own ambition brought about the final collapse. The ambition of Napoleon did not o'erleap itself; it is a mistake to suppose that he aspired to the dominion of the world, though he certainly did aspire to make France the dominating factor in European politics, and to establish his own dynasty in perpetuity. He was checked at Moscow by the powers of Nature, when on an expedition of revenge, and finally crushed by powers which he must have fought whether he wanted to

or not. The true answer to the question is the case of Cardinal Wolsey. He had gained everything to which he could legitimately aspire, saving only the Popedom. This was really beyond his reach under the circumstances. Yet, in obedience to his blind ambition to possess it, he made the fatal mistake of trying to conciliate Rome at the very time that Henry was depending upon him for assistance in his divorce. This roused the King's suspicions, and Wolsey fell. But for his aspirations to the Popedom, there is no reason why he should have made this terrible mistake, or why he should not have retained the favour of his master indefinitely.

1753. Are there any Amphibious Plants?

There are many plants which are described as amphibious by botanists. Their seeds can germinate either on land or under water; but the plants resulting from the germination of seeds of the same individual vary in shape according as they are on land or in the water. But plants of entirely different habits might, with greater truth, be termed amphibious in that they regularly spend portions of their existence in water and are, at other periods, exposed to the air. Such, for instance, is the case with many of our shore-seaweeds. One of them, *psilvetia canaliculata*, is a brown seaweed living near high-water mark. Out of every twelve hours it is under water only three. In tropical regions, where the river rises and sinks quietly with every tide, many plants on the banks are alternately above and under water. In British Guinea, for instance, such is the case with tiny red seaweeds clinging to the mangroves, species of *Crinum* with beautiful lily-like flowers, and a peculiar viviparous fern (*Aspidium*). Some individuals of the last-named grow farther inland in lightly shaded woods, and are no longer viviparous.

1754. Which was the most Civilised European State of the Middle Ages?

For over three hundred years prior to its fall in 1491, the Moslem kingdom of Khalifate, of Andalusia, in Spain, was not only the most civilised state in Europe, but it would not be too much to say that it was highly civilised while the greater part of Europe was in a state of semi-barbarism. All the luxuries of Oriental life were combined by the Moslems with a marvellous development of art, science, and literature on the one hand, and with great commercial and manufacturing prosperity on the other. Their streets were paved and lighted at the public expense, their houses were warmed in winter by furnaces, and cooled in summer with perfumed air brought from flower-gardens. Without them modern science would have been delayed for centuries. At the same period, in the greater part of Europe, houses were of wood, daubed with clay, and thatched with straw or reeds. They had neither glazed windows nor chimneys, and absolutely no sanitary arrangements. Even well-to-do citizens rarely had fresh meat more than once a week, the streets were open sewers, and personal cleanliness was as unknown as public sanitation or domestic decency. It is true that a comparatively high stage of civilisation was reached by the Italian Republics in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, but this was far inferior to that of the Andalusians, and was further so stained and degraded by superstition and oppression, that no comparison between Italy and Andalusia is possible.

1755. Which was the Most Important Half-Minute in European History?

When, during the French Revolution, the artillerymen of Henriot, ordered to fire upon the Convention, hesitated. The French people had begun to weary of the horrors of the Reign of Terror, and the enemies of Robespierre were shaking off their fear. On the previous day, the famous 9th Thermidor, they had induced the Convention to decree his accusation, and the dictator, together with his creatures, Couthon, St. Just, and Lebas, were arrested and thrown into prison. But the Paris Commune, claiming to represent the sovereignty of the people, took the side of Robespierre; and Henriot, the Commandant of the

National Guard, released the prisoners. He marched upon the Convention itself, and commanded the artillery to fire. The men hesitated, then refused; and Henriot, in a rage, marched them back to their quarters. The fate of France, and in a less degree, of Europe, hung upon that half-minute. Had the artillerymen obeyed, the members of the Convention would have been massacred, and Robespierre would have become dictator, without even the check of a Parliament. The refusal of the men saved the Convention, who were able to overthrow the Terror, and to establish freedom and order. It was therefore, with reason that Nassau Senior described that pause as "the most important half-minute in history."

1756. In the Temperate Regions the Birds of Islands Resemble those of the Nearest Mainland. Why is this not so in the Tropics?

Because in the tropics the weather is so much more equable, and those violent gales and storms which in temperate regions blow the weaker species of birds out to sea and cast them on neighbouring islands are replaced by steady, constant winds, nearly always blowing in the same direction, and not of sufficient velocity to overcome the flying power of birds. Hence, while the birds of temperate mainlands get scattered over islands, in the Tropics birds indigenous to mainlands and islands remain in their own localities, and so preserve their distinctive features. Reference to Reply 1742 will show further how it is that the birds of oceanic islands and mainlands are so widely different in size, strength, and colouring.

1757. Are there any Instances in History of a Great State Destroying Itself by Attacking a Small One?

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the Dukes of Burgundy ruled over one of the most powerful States in Europe. Charles the Bold, in his attempt to re-establish the old Kingdom of Burgundy, attacked the Swiss Confederation, but was utterly defeated by the Swiss at Grandson and Morat in 1476, and again the next year at Nancy, where he lost his life by a Swiss halberd. On his death Burgundy, as a State, disappears from history.

1759. Which Single Region of the World has supplied us with the Greatest Proportion of Vegetable Food-Stuffs?

That portion of Western Asia which lies within the Temperate Zone, for it is from here that we have received our principal cereals, namely, wheat, barley, and rice, which may be said to be the chief vegetable food-stuffs of the vast majority of the human race. A circle drawn from Malta, with sufficient radius to embrace Central and Southern Europe, Western Asia, and Northern Africa, would include a region to which nearly nine-tenths of the vegetable food-stuffs of the world are indigenous. The chief exceptions would be the potato, the yam, tomato, arrow-root, and maize, for which we are indebted to America.

1760. Why have Rabbits White Tails?

In the rabbit runs the general colour of the surroundings is such as practically to hide the movements of the rabbits, which are generally so much like the soil and undergrowth in point of colour, and the little white tail is a signal to other rabbits to declare the whereabouts of the one that is running. It has been said that when a mother-rabbit is feeding or gambolling about with her little ones, she will, if there is any sign of danger, lead the way to her warren. Her colour, in the swift movement, would be difficult to distinguish, and the little rabbits would lose sight of her, and thus also lose their way to their usual place of refuge. Nature has provided the white tail as an indicator of the rabbit's presence. The younger rabbits see it bobbing in front of them, and follow it silently and swiftly, and thus are able to escape. This is an example of natural selection for the preservation of species as well as individuals, as, if the young rabbits could not be warned of danger by the mother, or a flock generally by one, they would fall a much easier prey to their enemies.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from our readers. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all matter printed at our ordinary rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

1761. Who was the first Prime Minister, properly so-called, of Britain?

1762. Which are the most striking instances of naturally timid animals learning courage from experience?

1763. Which is the most perfectly elastic substance in existence?

1764. Why does a gentleman take off his glove when shaking hands while a lady does not?

1765. Are there any plants whose growth can be observed by the naked eye?

1766. Does the history of Europe confirm the impression that women are not so fitted to rule as men?

1767. What would be the most probable immediate effect of a defeat of Great Britain by a foreign Power?

1768. More women than men go blind in Norway, Sweden, and Iceland; while in the rest of Europe more men lose their sight than women. Why?

1769. Which language is structurally most fitted to become the speech of the world?

1790. In which part of the world is the variation between the day and night temperatures the greatest?

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THE SERIAL.

THE work's done, But, Great Caesar,
I trow I've forgotten the plot.
What was it went wrong to displease her?
And did she believe him—or not?

Now, what was the reason they parted?
What was wrong? Who started the fight?
Was she the one so broken-hearted?
And which of the rivals was right?

How did it all happen? Now, which one
Gained all of my sympathies first?
The poor man, or else the rich old one?
And which of the two turned out worst?

That other girl in the beginning,
Who had such a basilisk eye,
The heiress who seemed to be winning.
Did she go abroad? Did she die?

Some girl married some man or other—
The epilogue makes that quite plain—
But which girl and which man? O, bother,
Must I read the whole long thing again?

DOG-SHEARING.

ONE of the recognised professions of Paris is that of the dog-shearer. There are employed in this interesting occupation two ranks. The visitor of Paris will often hear, as he goes through the streets, the cry of "*Tond les chiens!*" or, as we should put it, "Dogs to shear!" It comes from wandering shearers and surgeons of dogs, and performers of various small offices for domestic animals. But these are the lower stratum of the dog-shearing profession. Often they unite dog-stealing with their shearing.

No person of discrimination patronises them, but goes with his dog to one of the recognised dog-trimming and bathing establishments which are located on scows moored in the Seine at one or another of the great bridges. Here one may have his dog bathed with consideration for its delicate health, and sheared in one of several favourite "styles," each of which has its name.

The commonest fashion of shearing dogs is *en lion*, or in the lion style. This is almost a uniform style in the summer for poodles, which abound in Paris. The shaggy coat is trimmed so that the front of the animal remains clothed, and the back part is shaved. The dogs which belong to the "better classes" are brought in to be shaved quite frequently, for the lion style is not regarded as looking well on poodles unless the skin shows pink through the closely cropped coat.

As every shearing costs from three to seven shillings, according to the difficulty of the operation, dogs belonging to poor or economical people often have to content themselves with a cut *en culotte*, in which the body is only partially sheared, and the legs are left with their natural covering. This method does not involve such frequent renewal.

IN A TURKISH POST-OFFICE.

THEY do not rush things in Constantinople. The Turks love ceremony, and have peculiar notions as to what constitutes politeness. We walk to the stamp counter and ask for a stamp of the denomination we require. The clerk pushes it out; we put down the money and depart. The entire transaction has not occupied a minute, and hardly a dozen words have been spoken.

But in Istanbul a different scene would be enacted. Let us stand in the post-office corridor a few minutes and watch the proceedings.

An elderly Turk, with gorgeous turban, approaches the window. After a series of very low and obsequious salaams, he lays his right hand upon his heart and begins:

"May the gracious morn prove a most happy one for thee, sir."

The official returns the salutation, and adds:

"What commandest thou?"

"Wouldst thou vouchsafe thy servant several stamps with which to send letters to England? As thou mayest know, my son, Abdullah Effendi, the glass merchant of Ak Serai, is abiding at this moment in London, and his family are desirous of communicating with him. Though I myself know not how to write, yet is the son of my brother, the pipe-bowl manufacturer, skilled in that art, and he hath promised to oblige us in this matter."

"Very well, O worthy sir! But how many stamps dost thou desire?"

"Ah, my precious jewel, how many thinkest thou I should take? One will hardly suffice, as he doth not intend to return. Therefore, I pray thee, give me two."

"Excellent, excellent! Here they are. May I request the sum of four piastres in payment?"

"What sayest thou, my gentle lamb? Three piastres I have always paid—never more. This was but a year ago, when Abdullah was at Paris; even at—"

"You are right, Effendi, but the prices have changed. They cost more to-day."

"In very sooth, O apple of mine eye! Then the charges have been increased?"

With this the Turk produces an intricately-knotted purse and draws forth a bundle of paper money.

"Nay, nay, my adorable gem," protests the official; "we accept no paper, thou must pay in silver."

"What, thou refuseth paper! And wherefore? Is it not good money? Doth not the Sultan guarantee its payment? Well, since thou declinest it, I will pay thee in copper."

"Nay, Effendi; we take no copper either; thou must give me silver."

"Silver? By my beard I have it not. I pray thee take this copper and thou shalt have some additional."

"I cannot do it, Effendi. By Allah, I cannot. It is forbidden."

"Well, then, thou shalt have silver. Here it is, the latest mintage."

"Accept my overflowing thanks, my exquisite turtle-dove."

"Allah be with thee and increase thy shadow mightily! Farewell!"

"Farewell, Effendi; may thy beard grow to an exceeding great length."

HOW THE STAGE IS BEING SPOILED.

THERE is only one profession in which people ever begin at the top of the ladder instead of at the last rung, and that is the stage. Of late years this practice has grown enormously, as a glance at the play-bills will show. Every now and then one hears that Miss So-and-so is to appear at a West-end theatre; Miss So-and-so has never been heard of before, yet this does not prevent her from taking the leading rôle.

The explanation is that rich amateurs are gradually taking possession of the stage, and the professional is going about unemployed. A well-known amateur, with little or no experience, can now earn from £10 to £12 a week on account of his many friends who are sure to come and see him act, and who will tell their friends about him, but a more capable actor, and a professional, will have to be content with half that sum.

But in more ways than this is the amateur ousting the professional. He is actually hiring the theatre. Of late years there has been a mania for theatrical speculation among the aristocracy, and aspiring young ladies have not found it difficult to induce kind friends to take theatres for them in order that they may play parts off hand, which others who have been toiling for years and years would not presume to play.

The reason is simple. An appearance in London in a leading rôle is an advertisement which enables a fourth-rate actor to jump into notoriety at once, whereas a really good player without funds has to remain in the back-ground.

It is becoming quite a common thing for a lady of only six months' stage experience to appear as her own manager, and represent characters which only Ellen Terry could act adequately. The publicity is worth all the hundreds of pounds that may be sunk in the enterprise, for by it a totally unknown actress acquires a reputation which, under other circumstances, the labour of a lifetime would not bring her.

TEACHER: "In parsing the sentence, 'time will tell,' why do you make time the feminine gender?"

Jimmie: "'Cause it'll tell."

PHILANTHROPIST: "Look here, my man, didn't I give you sixpence last night to get a bath?"

Tramp: "You did, yer honour, but I tried it before, an' you get just as dirty again!"

A TEACHER was explaining to a little girl how the trees developed their foliage in the spring time.

"Ah, yes," said the wee miss, "I understand; they keep their summer clothes in their trunk."

A DISTINGUISHED artist met by accident an old "model" who had once served him and others of his craft, but had since retired from business. The man was then engaged at the Zoological Gardens, and upon the artist asking him what he was doing there, replied, in rather an injured and resentful tone:

"What am I a-doing of? Why, I'm sweeping out elephants' stables, that's what. A pretty sort of occupation, ain't it, for a man as has sat for the Twelve Apostles?"

MANY stories—how true we do not know—are told of a gentleman whom we will call Mr. A., and his wonderful would-be converts. Here is one. An old widow, Bryan, called on him, and on being shown into his library, and asked by him what her business was, she said:

"Well, now, your reverence, it's what—I'd like to turn Protestant."

Mr. A.: "Why do you want to change your religion?"

Widow B.: "Well, now, I'm told your reverence gives a blanket and a leg of mutton to anyone that turns."

Mr. A.: "Do you mean to say that you would sell your soul for a blanket?"

Widow B.: "No, your reverence, not without the leg of mutton."

HOW FOREIGN SAILORS ARE SWINDLED.

THERE are few men who are more systematically swindled than the foreign sailors who make their headquarters while on shore in the East-end of London. Indeed, in the Metropolis alone, in the course of a twelve-month, foreign sailors are robbed to the tune of several thousands of pounds.

Round and about the Docks are dens of the most filthy description, which are kept as lodging-houses for foreign seamen by bullies who set themselves out to rob every sailor whose confidence they can gain. These pests lay in waiting for foreign vessels whose crews are about to be paid off, and it is seldom they do not get at least one dupe from each ship to take up his quarters with one of their number.

Having got thus far, a big haul is almost certain, for the sailor, after a protracted voyage, has accumulated a good round sum in wages; besides which, he usually has in his possession several valuable articles which he has picked up in the various ports his vessel has visited.

The landlord, as a rule, has the assistance of a woman who affects to fall in love with every lodger, with the result that she obtains no small amount of plunder from the ignorant Malays and Chinese sailors, who, blinded by her doubtful charms, become her prey.

On the first day the victim is made so comfortable that he readily yields to the suggestion that he should see the town under his landlord's guidance. The result is that he is taken out night after night, and made so drunk as not to be able to tell when his pockets are rifled.

When it happens that on his last night on shore the sailor is still possessed of money, his landlord will take him out, drug his drink, convey him to a shed or empty house, and then strip him of every atom of clothing. This is of quite frequent occurrence. Some little time ago a Japanese sailor was treated in this way, except that on waking in the morning he found himself in the street with a couple of newspapers as his only protection. Another was rendered so insensible by drugs, that he lay for seven days in an empty house without either food or drink.

It occasionally happens that a sailor has still some money left when he starts to rejoin his ship. In a case like this, his imaginary sweetheart accompanies him to the railway station, and there one may see them, as I have, clasped in each other's arms, the woman robbing the man's pockets in the most barefaced manner possible.

Very often these human vultures are in league with small pawnbrokers, who, by the way, have recently conceived a new plan of swindling. When a sailor takes a watch or other article of jewellery to the pawnbroker he is given a ticket in the usual way, but when he goes to redeem his pledge he receives an article which, though precisely similar in appearance, is not his own.

The truth is, the pawnbroker has an inexhaustible stock of imitation jewellery out of which he can always find something which will safely pass as the genuine article. I heard of a case not long ago where a man pawned a chain valued at £10, and when he asked to redeem it he was given an article valued at about two shillings.

GAYMAN: "This is a great day with us at home. My daughter comes out to-night."

Dumley: "Don't say so! So does my brother. He's been in for seven years."

GERMAN LANDLORD (to agent for firm of wine-growers): "How is it you sell red native wine dearer than your white?"

Agent: "Do you think we get the colour for nothing?"

"You young scoundrel," said the father, seizing his disobedient son by the hair, "I'll show you how you ought to treat your mother!"

And he gave him several bangs on the ears, and then shook him till his hair began to fall out.

LITTLE ETHEL: "What is those anarchists people talk about?"

Little Johnny: "W'y they wants everything everybody else has got, an' they never wash themselves."

Little Ethel: "Oh, I see. They is little boys growed up."

A YOUNGSTER, while perusing a chapter of Genesis, turned to his mother and inquired if the people in those days used to do sums on the ground?

It was discovered that he had been reading the passage: "And the sons of men multiplied upon the face of the earth."

"Does it not throw a shade of bitterness into your heart," she said, "to see the trees all leafless, and to hear the wind sighing for ever in mournful monotony? Does it not make you feel that there is too much that is bleak in the world?"

"No," he answered, "it weally does not."

"Why?"

"Because my papa is in the coal business."

SOMETHING NEW AND
STRANGE.

THE biggest artificial reservoir has just been completed. It is sixteen miles long, and holds 103,058,040,800 cubic feet of water, if you can understand what that means.

A RED-HAIRED club has been started in Vienna, and in order to prevent violation of the entrance rules by fraudulents could-be members, each candidate for membership is obliged to thoroughly scouse his cranium in hot soda and water before the committee.

THE very latest thing in ball programmes is a three-legged card that, when opened out, contains not only the list of music and dances, but the last leaf is headed, "Rendezvous," so that against each dance can be entered where the partner is to be found.

I HAVE received from the editor of SCIENCE GIFT material for a pretty little scientific experiment in the form of a chameleon flower, which, by warming, will change from a delicate pink to a dainty blue colour, and which, when cool, will resume its normal hue.

THE vexed question of sheltering heavy guns on ramparts from the shots of the enemy has been solved by a Mr. H. A. Spiller, of Boston, U.S.A., who has designed a disappearing gun-carriage of steel, which is raised automatically into position and fired. The recoil brings the gun down again behind the fortifications without the least shock, which is remarkable, considering that the carriage alone weighs fifty-five tons.

ONE of the newest things in London is a lady's walking-stick. It has the appearance of an umbrella rolled extremely tight, and is slender to a degree. The handle, in ebony or light walnut, with a gold band, is convenient to hold. Many women who love walking with a support forgo the pleasure because of the mannish look of the ordinary stick. The mock umbrella changes all this. It has, moreover, the advantage of being as light as a feather.

In some of the cultivated fields in the South of France, there are several strange machines at work for cleaning the land. Each one runs on four broad wheels, and carries a six-horse power engine. On one side of the boiler is a blower, and on the other a brick oven, kept at a terrific heat by the bellows. In front of the machine is an inclined plane, up which the weeds run until they reach the oven, where they are consumed and thrown out on the ground behind to form manure.

MR. H. P. MILLER, of 17, Tadmor Street, Uxbridge Road, W., has sent for my inspection one of his "Ryo" fire jugs, which, besides being the common china jug, is a kitchen boiler. You just hang it on the gas bracket, without removing the globe, and you can boil water enough in a few minutes to make two cups of tea, or several glasses of grog, in addition to which it may be used as a steam inhaler for sore throats; plenty of other little advantages it possesses, all for 8s. 6d.

MUCH of the underrated danger endured by whalers is to be removed by the advent of a new sort of harpoon. When the weapon enters a whale it administers a dose of 720 electric shocks a minute, rendering the animal insensible, and an easy prey to its captors. This is a decided improvement on the other way of getting towed along half under the water at the rate of fifteen knots an hour with the prospect of colliding with an ice-floe, or being smashed to atoms by a whack from the monster's tail.

OUR Yankee cousins have produced something to cheer the hearts of their city dudes, in the shape of a cigarette holder which develops photographs. The image is taken on a little piece of paper about the size of a postage stamp on chloride of silver, and is dipped in a solution of bichloride of mercury. This makes the face disappear by forming a covering of white chloride of silver and protochloride of mercury. The action of the ammonia contained in the smoke destroys the white surface and reveals the photograph gummed round the holder.

To get your teeth drawn minus the usual excruciating pains, and without being rendered unconscious, you now sit in a chair over a battery. The battery isn't in any way connected with the seat of the chair, but supplies pain-killing power along two wires, at the end of one of which is a button, and at the end of the other a pair of specially made forceps. The button is pressed on the face over the nerves that connect the tooth with the brain, and immediately the pliers grip the tooth the circuit is completed, and the nerves deadened. Personally, however, I shall not have any teeth pulled out this way.

It is, I take it, pretty generally known that water is about the finest agent for disinfecting a room extant. Acting on this principle, Mr. J. Gill, of West House Works, Heckmondwike, has produced an enamelled bath that fits over the ordinary gas pendant, and through the centre of which the hot, foul air rises, and is thrown by means of pipes over the surface of the water. The white bottom of the bath acts as a reflector, and the water is taken out by means of a syphon. No doubt the arrangement is an excellent one for smoking, billiard, and other rooms of that sort; but for ordinary domestic purposes it is, to my way of thinking, a bit too futuristic, not to say expensive.

Under the above heading we publish accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

If any reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent let him write to the Editor of this paper, marking the envelope PATENT. The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with its sender.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS
OF MEN.

THE best selling clerical photograph in London is that of the Rev. Stopford Brooke.

MR. PIXERO, the well-known dramatist, finds a busy hotel the best place in which to write his plays.

THE Empress of Russia's physician, when in attendance upon his august patient, receives a fee of £70 a day (700 roubles).

THE German Emperor, not content with his present successes in the yachting world, is determined to buy the *Vigilant* if the purchase can possibly be negotiated.

THE Duchess of Edinburgh, or rather the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, has one great failing—that is for baked potatoes. She frequently has them "in their jackets" for afternoon tea.

ON one arm the Queen always wears a bracelet set with a portrait of the Prince Consort, on the other a similar miniature of her latest great-grandchild, whoever he or she may be. Just now the little stranger lately born in the Land-gravine's Castle at Hesse occupies this enviable position.

It is not generally known that the burlesque of a clergyman in "The Gaiety Girl," which has lately been cut out by order of the Lord Chamberlain, after the play had run several weeks, was objected to at the special request of the Queen, who was pained that the Church should be brought into ridicule.

BARON HINCH, who races in the interests of the London hospitals, is reported to have promised to make up from his private fortune the difference between this year's winnings and last, as during the past season he has won only £6,676 against £23,383 of last year. The difference is considerable.

THE late Lord Ebury was referred to in these columns not very long ago as the "Father of the House of Lords." However, he was the oldest of its members in point of years only. The senior Peer, as far as the date of his succession goes, is Lord Cranbrook, who succeeded to the family honours away back in 1826.

A NEW word has been added to the English language—Lobenquarish. It implies abnormal measurements in the region of the waistcoat. King Lobengula, to whom we are indebted for this picturesque addition to our vocabulary, is so enormous that he is said to hold his levees lying on his stomach, with a vast bullock-waggon for his throne.

NOR very long ago the Khedive Ismail built himself a palace on the banks of the Nile, and furnished it in a style worthy of a luxurious age. Owing to his recent financial difficulties this fell into the hands of his creditors, who have now opened it as an hotel. It may interest the Britisher who feels inclined to patronise the Ghesireh Palace to know that there are some very excellent golf links in the neighbourhood.

IN France the custom of having one's own private railway carriage is rapidly increasing. Mrs. Mackay has a most gorgeous palace on wheels, which cost her husband £6,000. The Baroness de Rothschild has a boudoir on wheels, and so has the Countess Petoska. Besides having to purchase the usual railway ticket when travelling from one place to another, every owner of a private carriage has to pay £400 for the warehousing of the vehicle.

MRS. COLEMAN has opened up quite a new line of business for the would-be working woman. To keep the wolf from the door she has been compelled to go out on the streets as a pavement artist. Considerable jealousy is said to exist among her male competitors at this invasion of their territory by a woman. Mrs. Coleman's receipts vary according to the weather, but on an average she makes some five or six shillings a day. Undoubtedly her work has considerable artistic merit.

MR. GILBERT PARKER, whose work as a writer of fiction is gaining increasing recognition, and whose short stories of Canadian life are capital examples of his art, has had a good many changes in his career. A Canadian by birth, he has taught in a school for the deaf and dumb, was a lecturer on English literature in Toronto, and at one time entered the ministry of the Church of England. He found a different scope for his energies after he went to Australia for the sake of his health.

MISS ANNIE HUGHES, the dainty little actress, made her first appearance when she was only fourteen years old. It was the first day she ever wore long skirts, and being nervous she tripped over them and tumbled down, to the intense amusement of the audience. Miss Hughes has written some bright short stories, and confesses to the authorship of a poem called "Pussy's Better Nature." She has also written a three-act comedy, which has not yet been produced. Her favourite occupations are sculling and cooking.

LORD BROOKE—the husband of Lady Brooke as he is sometimes called—and now Earl of Warwick, is a thorough sportsman. He is a good rider, a good shot, a patron of the turf, and usually finds time to attend all the important athletic meetings held within reasonable distance of his lovely home in the Eastern counties. He has in Lady Brooke a charming wife, the most beautiful member of the British aristocracy, who handles the reins of a tandem or four-in-hand like no other lady in the country, and rides to hounds as straight as the bee flies.

ON that most excellent principle that the line must be drawn somewhere, Mr. Chamberlain will never allow politics to interfere with gastronomy. At ten minutes to seven precisely every night he rises from his seat. It matters not what the debate or who the statesman speaking. Dinner-time has arrived. Three hours afterwards he is once more in his place, this time in evening dress, and with the inevitable orchid in his button-hole. Mr. Chamberlain has been described as the stormy petrel of politics. He is certainly the best-bated man in the House, and the statesman has yet to be found who could rival him in biting sarcasm and bitter repartee.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

A THREE-QUARTER who has come rapidly to the front in Yorkshire, and is well in the running for the highest honours of the football world, is F. Firth, of Halifax.

Last year was his first in the Yorkshire team, and he was a little lucky in getting his place, the illness of Lockwood and one or two of the older players giving him his opportunity. Although he scored in several of the matches, a strong impression prevailed that he was rather a showy player than a sound one, and not to be relied upon for defence. Whatever may have been the case then, he has proved himself one of the best all-round men in the county this season, his tackling, kicking, and running being alike of the highest order.

S. HOUGHTON has again been picked out as the best full-back at the Rugby game that the North of England can produce, and this time he seems certain to gain a place in the International team.

Houghton is a member of the Runcorn F. C., a club which has come to the front in comparatively recent years. It created some sensation a year or so back by defeating Bradford when that club was assumed to be the strongest in England. Having already played this season for Cheshire, and materially assisted that county to defeat Lancashire, Houghton is not lacking in experience of first-class play, and as he possesses the essentials of a good full-back—a fair turn of speed, sound kicking abilities, and great determination in tackling—the choice of the North cannot be said to have been ill-made.

WILLIAM STIRLING is a rare instance of a man who has given up the Rugby game in favour of its rival. But it was the spirit of patriotism and comradeship, rather than an actual preference, which led to his taking this step.

Stirling, though somewhat erratic at times, is recognised as one of the best of Southern goal-keepers, and was called upon to take the captaincy of the Middlesex team a few weeks ago. His first acquaintance with the game of football was made at Galashiels; he played at three-quarter for the Gala Club, famous at that time as the club of that great player, Sorley Brown. Coming to London in 1882, Stirling first played in the Rugby team of the Pembroke Rowing Club, and some three or four years later, after an interval in Scotland, assisted in the formation of the London Caledonian A.F.C., for whom he kept goal for the first time when they beat Blackburn Olympic in December, 1887. Very few matches have since been played by the club without him.

DAVID HOWAT is the only member left of the old amateur eleven which represented the Royal Arsenal three years ago. This is an incontrovertible tribute to his fine half-back play.

Born at Preston, twenty-four years back, Howat had the advantage of learning his football in one of the best possible schools, playing for some time in the North End Reserves. He was still young when he came to the Metropolis, being, in fact, scarcely nineteen when he first played for the Arsenal. Since that day he has represented the chief Southern club upon many fields and in several different positions—forward, half-back, and back. It is as a half-back, however, that he is best known, and in that position he is likely to retain his place in the team for some time to come.

Howat is one of those players who are never done with; he may be eluded for the moment, but he is pertinacity itself, and, combining some degree of cleverness with his energy, is a decidedly useful player.

W. N. WINCKWORTH, the well-known Old Westminster, also first played the Rugby game, at a small school near Epsom. When he went to St. Peter's College, Westminster, he, as a matter of course, commenced to play the Association game.

As a centre half-back there is not now a better man in the South than Winckworth, but he had been at Westminster some years before he particularly distinguished himself, and only gained his "pink" in his last year, when he had the further honour of being elected captain of the side. For the Corinthians, the Casuals, the Old Westminsters, and, lastly, for England, Winckworth has done yeoman's service—extraordinary service, indeed—for one so young, for he is now but twenty-three years of age.

The young, or Old, Westminster is a typical half-back, sturdy, speedy, and dauntless; but though possessing a great deal of muscular development in a comparatively small compass, he has never been accused, as even some crack Southern amateurs are, of making undue use of his weight and strength.

Football Players should also see Accident Insurance System on page 379.

£100 INSURANCE

FOR

FOOTBALL PLAYERS.

We undertake to pay ONE HUNDRED POUNDS to whomsoever the proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY may decide to be the next of kin of any football player who meets with his death by an accident while actually playing football. The only condition is that the player in question must be the possessor of a copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, which must bear his usual signature in ink on the line left blank at the foot of this notice. The copy need not be upon the person at the time of the accident. Notice of accident must be given within three days, and death must have occurred within twenty-four hours of the accident.

Signed

Available until midnight, December 30th, 1893.

WORKERS AND THEIR WORK—No. CX.

IGNATIUS JOHN PADEREWSKI,
PIANIST AND COMPOSER.

PADEREWSKI has a large house in one of the best quarters of Paris and another in Vienna, but he is so continually a rolling stone that it is difficult to associate the name of home with either of these residences. I took advantage of his presence in London to call and hear about his recent American tour, by which he has earned so much fame and so many dollars. I had last seen him in Paris. His house there is in many respects an extraordinary one, and the number of curious and pretty things in it attest the versatility and good taste of the owner.

Among these pretty things must be numbered his little boy of twelve, who is, unfortunately, an invalid, but who has already given much promise of talent. While his father travels, the boy spends most of his time with a distinguished French Countess, who is a fine musician and a widow, and who, if rumour is to be believed, may one day become Madame Paderewski.

The great pianist is devoted to his only child, who is almost the only relation he has in the world. He married at nineteen, and was left a widower at twenty, and the loss of his wife has left an indelible stamp of melancholy upon what would otherwise be an exceptionally cheerful and sanguine temperament. It is said that when someone in America congratulated him on his phenomenal success, he replied gloomily: "Yes, but it has come too late."

Paderewski is a remarkable man to look at. He has a great wealth of ruddy, golden hair, which he grows long enough to display its curliness and abundance, but not, like so many musicians, long enough to incite little boys to run after him and cry, "Get your hair cut." Nor does it come down far enough to conceal his strong muscular neck. This neck is not confined by stiff collars, for a pianist likes to be able to wag his head about while he plays. Otherwise Paderewski's dress leaves nothing for criticism in point of correctness.

He always looks as if he had stepped out of a band-box, and regularly keeps pace with the changes of fashion. He is slight of build, but extremely well made. Every limb bespeaks his descent from a family of gentlemen accustomed for generations to fence and dance and ride. He is muscular, but supple and elastic, and always looks the picture of health.

His fingers, which do so much magic work, are slim and delicate looking. Vigorous hand-shaking, so much the fashion in America, always makes him wince. His crashing blows on the piano are done rather by a knack than by physical force. Naturally, he has to take great care of his hands, as, if anything happened to them, his occupation would be gone. While in America he sprained one of his fingers and had to give up work for a short time, with the result that he lost nearly £4,000.

His success has been almost as sudden as it has been startling. He is now only thirty-two, and has been the rage for one year or perhaps two. Three years ago he performed in London, and obtained a certain vogue, which, however, never interpreted itself into more than £10 a night. Now he will sometimes obtain £1,000 for a concert lasting two hours, and once he actually received £1,400.

The crowd at one of his concerts in America is a sight to behold. People stand in a dense mob wherever there is a corner or crevice not occupied by chairs in the building. There is scarcely a movement in the crowd during the whole two hours of his performance, and, when it is over, the outbursts of enthusiasm are something prodigious. He himself extremely dislikes these demonstrations, and devises all sorts of means to escape the too flattering attentions of his admirers. As soon as he has finished, frenzied crowds swarm up on to the platform, hysterical women hurl faded flowers at him and burly Yankees jostle each other to wrench his hands.

He is really of a retiring disposition, extremely unusual in members of his profession. Of course, no praise can be too extravagant for him in the newspapers and he likes to be called "Master" and venerated and worshipped. But he would prefer that the worship were of a seemly, Cathedral order rather than of the tumultuous Salvation Army kind. He has neither the temperament nor the discourtesy to enable him to fight his way through his admirers or tell them to leave him alone, but, whenever he can, he slips away unperceived after a performance.

In Philadelphia an immense crowd, chiefly composed of the gentler sex, waited outside the stage entrance for him after his concert, but to their dismay they learned afterwards that he had gone off by some passage unknown even to his manager, and when that gentleman, having fought his way through the crowd, arrived at the station an hour later, the imperturbable pianist was walking up and down the platform waiting for the train to bring him to a banquet given in his honour in New York.

He is one of those geniuses who believe in taking infinite pains and he is in the habit of practising on the piano as much as fifteen or sixteen hours a day. Once, in New York, he had to work up eight entirely distinct programmes in a little over a week, and then it was a case

of seventeen hours' practice daily. At his laziest moments he will never do less than six or eight hours' practising in a day.

His inspirations come upon him at the most erratic times and seasons. At one time he used to sit down at his piano at nine or ten o'clock at night and go on, almost without stopping, until five or six next morning. He is a dreadful victim to sleeplessness, and often gets up in the middle of the night to begin his practising. He said lately that he did nothing in America but go to bed when he wasn't sleepy so that he might be able to get up and catch a train when he was sleepy.

It is necessary to be always at it, he explains, in order to keep the fingers in proper condition. The object of so much practising is not to familiarise himself with the music, for his memory is marvellous, and, even if it were not, it would be the same, for he has a habit of improvising as he goes along, much to the dismay of his orchestra, which finds it very difficult to accompany him.

As to his skill in improvising, a story is told about his famous minnet, perhaps the most familiar of all his compositions. When he was still a professor at Warsaw he was one night at the house of Alexander Swietochowski, one of the most famous musical critics in the town. The conversation turned on Mozart, and Swietochowski declared that no living composer could ever compare with Mozart in simplicity and beauty. Paderewski, who even then considered himself to be worth twenty Mozarts, merely shrugged his shoulders for the moment and, presently sitting down at the piano, said:

"May I play you a little thing of Mozart's, which perhaps you do not know?"

Swietochowski assented, and Paderewski thereupon improvised his minnet. Swietochowski was delighted, and exclaimed triumphantly:

"Now you will acknowledge that a piece like that could never be written in our time."

"Well," replied Paderewski, "I am not sure about that. This happens to be a minnet, which I have myself composed on the spur of the moment."

Paderewski's great relaxation is to play at billiards, which he does with great skill. He never lets himself get engrossed in the game, but chatters away all the time and allows nothing to disconcert him. He is a good linguist, like most of his countrymen, and speaks French, German, and Italian, besides his native Polish and Russian. He only began to learn English a year or so ago, but with his wonderful memory he has already made huge progress, and was actually able not long ago to deliver a quaint little speech in our tongue at a banquet in New York.

His musical talent comes to him from his mother, and was exhibited at a very early age. As a little child of three he would steal to the piano when nobody was watching and take great pleasure in touching the keys and listening to the sounds they emitted. This is an amusement indulged in by many children of three, who never come to know the difference between the National Anthem and the tune the old cow died of. When he was in his teens he announced that his vocation in life was to play the fiddle, and he went to a teacher to acquire the rudiments, but the teacher refused because he said he was sure the boy would never make a musician.

This particular teacher must have been very cantankerous, for at seven Paderewski had already begun to compose music of his own very correctly, and an old man, who gave him a collection of pieces and found he could play them at sight, pronounced that there was nothing more for him to be taught. At eighteen he became a professor of music at Warsaw, and the money he earned was spent on studies, which he prosecuted at night under different masters after his own day's teaching was over.

I was fortunate enough to induce Paderewski to talk to me about his American audiences. This he did with the most comically pathetic air, as if to say they were a great nuisance, but that he supposed one must endure them.

There are women, he says, who buy seats for the whole series of his concerts, just because he is the fashion, and will ask each other carelessly whether he plays or sings. Again there are women of emotional temperament, who come to the concerts to have their feelings harrowed by his music. These he dislikes most of all, because they lose control over themselves and bother him afterwards with their ignorant admiration.

He told me of the keeper of a store in St. Louis, who hated music, but was bullied by a friend into going to one of the concerts on condition that they should only stay a few minutes. But after the first piece, the man said nothing about going, and, when the friend who had brought him suggested going at half time, he told him to shut up and not be an ass.

He stayed through the whole performance. He waited for the last encore. Even then he refused to go until he had shaken hands with Paderewski, and still, when that surgical operation had been performed twice over, he hung about to see the last of the performer as he drove off to his hotel.

After that, he was present at every other performance given by Paderewski in his town, and even talked of travelling all the way to New York to hear him perform there. "So you see," said Paderewski with his melancholy smile, "music hath charms to soothe even the most savage breast."

In one town in the Western States of America he noticed that the principal box was filled by a number of

dwarfs, belonging to some rival show in the town. After the concert, the dwarfs, who had made their presence felt by enthusiastic applause, trooped round him for the inevitable hand-shaking. They were under the charge of an old priest, who told Paderewski that his little band had determined to draw up an address to the Pope, begging him to confer upon the pianist the highest decoration he possessed. He remarked, upon this incident, that he did not see why the Pope should distribute his decorations at the bidding of a band of strolling dwarfs, but that no doubt the attention was kindly meant.

Paderewski now considers that he has earned sufficient money and renown as a pianist, and he intends to devote himself in future more particularly to musical composition. Early this year he began an opera, with which he intends presently to electrify the world. The subject of it he has not yet told anyone, but I hear that it is to contain gipsy melodies and wonderful choruses of Polish peasants.

The opera is not, however, to be confined entirely to Polish music, though that is, of course, Paderewski's speciality. The great objection, he says, to Polish music is that the critics always say that it is an imitation of Chopin, whereas, as a matter of fact, Chopin plagiarised all his best-known pieces from Polish compositions.

With Paderewski it is a case of "lightly come and lightly go." He makes large sums of money very easily, and spends them like water. Wherever he puts up at a hotel he takes the best suite of rooms he can get. At New York his rooms alone cost him over £20 a day. He is extremely generous, and distributes money right and left in acknowledgment of the most trifling services. Two or three delegations of Poles waited on him one afternoon in Chicago, and carried away with them hundreds of dollars.

In the ordinary way he takes as much as he can get for his performances, not from greed of money, but from a pride in the value of his work. In the matter of gratuitous performances in aid of charities he is, however, very generous. At the Norwich Musical Festival he took only a nominal fee of ten guineas, and from the director of the Monday Popular Concerts he refused to take any fee at all.

At the Norwich Festival he expressed great surprise at the way in which the orchestra read off the difficult music of his Polish Fantasia at sight. It seems that the French band engaged for the private rehearsal in Paris required three hours' study before they could tackle it.

The chief criticism to which Paderewski is exposed, is that he bangs his piano too much. He has been accused of "firework performances," and warned that, if he is not careful, he will break down his piano and destroy the drums of his listeners' ears. As an American journalist phrased it: "He took it out of the poor instrument as a cabman takes it out of his fare, and many were disposed to beg of the new musical lion to roar more gently."

On the other hand, his admirers say that he never forces his powers upon you at the expense of the music, but that many who listen to him for the first time come away with a feeling of disappointment at the apparent simplicity of his method. But his performance grows upon people, and there are few who, having heard him once or twice, do not earnestly desire to hear him again on every available opportunity.

186 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £1,000—not for one only.

£1,000 COUPON TICKET.
specially guaranteed by the

**OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE
CORPORATION, LIMITED,**

40, 42, and 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)

INSURANCE TICKET Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.

Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, this coupon ticket or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract. The paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited Act," 1890, Risks No. 2 & 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Signature.....

Available from 5 p.m. of Friday, December 22nd, 1893, until Midnight Saturday, December 30th, 1893. (See column 3, page 373.)

"Good things go in threes." This is a German proverb, which originated long before the three good things we're thinking of ("P. W.," "S. S.," and "S. L.") ever came along.

CHINESE FEAST DAYS.

The first day of the Chinese New Year's feasts is called Bird's Day (Kai-Yat), and that is supposed to bring to mind the utility of the feathered tribes as food. On this day all orthodox Chinese abstain from eating flesh, and they sometimes observe it as a day of fasting.

The second day is Dog's Day (Ka-Yat). This day is especially held sacred to the canine hosts of the flowery kingdom. The Chinese, notwithstanding the fact that they eat the flesh of the dog and esteem it a great delicacy, honour their dogs more highly and take better care of them than any other race of people. In every large Chinese city there is a workman whose sole trade is that of making coffins for departed canines.

The third day, Hog's Day (Oen-Yat), is celebrated in honour of a hog that once drew a valuable manuscript out of a bonfire of trash.

The fourth feast, Sheep's Day (Yaong-Yat), is honoured in memory of Pun-Koon-Venga, a shepherd, who clothed himself in leaves, grass, and bark of trees, refusing to make use of any part of the sheep, either for food or clothing.

The fifth day is Cow's Day (New-Yat). This day is consecrated to the cow that suckled the orphan who afterwards became rich, and built the celebrated "Temple of Cows."

The sixth day is Ma-Yat, or Horse Day, and is set apart to call to mind the usefulness of that noble animal.

RAISING THE PRICE.

HERE is a trifling incident that shows the dexterity and ardour with which the natives of sunny France improve their opportunities. It was told me by a travelled friend whom we will call Paul.

One day Paul tells the servant of the inn where he is staying to sew another button on his trousers. An hour after she brings in the trousers, and with an undecided, anxious air, as if fearing the effect of her demand, says: "It is a sou."

Paul draws out a sou in silence and gives it to her. Jeannette retires on tiptoe as far as the door, thinks better of it, returns, takes up the trousers, and shows the button.

"Ah, that is a fine button! (A pause.) I did not find that in my box (another and a longer pause.) I bought that at the grocer's; it cost a sou!"

She draws herself up anxiously. The proprietor of the trousers, still without speaking gives a second sou.

It is clear that she has struck upon a mine of sou. Jeannette goes out, and a moment after reopens the door. She has resolved on her course, and in a shrill, piercing voice, with admirable volubility, proceeds:

"I had no thread; I had to buy some thread; I used a good deal of thread—good thread, too. The button won't come off, I sewed it on fast. The thread cost a sou."

Paul pushes across the table a third sou.

Two hours later Jeannette, who has been pondering on the matter, reappears. She prepares breakfast with the greatest possible care, lowers her voice, walks noiselessly, and is charming in her little attentions. Then she says, putting forth all sorts of obsequious graces:

"I ought not to lose anything; you would not want me to lose anything. The cloth was harsh; I broke the point of my needle; I did not know it awhile ago; I have just noticed it; it cost me a sou."

And that fourth sou was happily the last.

186 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.

INSURANCE AGAINST GENERAL ACCIDENTS

ACCORDING TO CONDITIONS GIVEN BELOW.

Specially guaranteed by the

OCEAN ACCIDENT ASSURANCE CORPORATION, Limited.

£25 INSURANCE COUPON. £10

£25 will be paid by the above Corporation to the Legal Representatives of any person killed by an accident to the train, steamboat, tramway, omnibus, or other public conveyance in which he or she was travelling as a passenger, or while walking on any street or public road within the United Kingdom as a private individual, should death result within one month after such injury, and the full amount will be paid should such injury not prove fatal, but result in the complete and irreparable loss of sight in both eyes, or the loss by actual separation of two legs, two arms, or a leg and an arm.

£10 will be paid should such injury only result in the loss as above defined of sight in one eye, or the loss of one arm or one leg, and £5 will be paid should such injury only result in the fracture of an arm or leg.

£5 will be paid to any person who shall sustain a fracture of an arm or leg or a broken collar-bone while engaged in playing football, or while cycling.

Provided in all above cases that the person so killed or injured was the owner of this Insurance Coupon, with his or her usual signature written underneath, when the accident on which the claim is based occurred. The paper may be left at his or her place of abode so long as the coupon is signed.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890, Rules No. 2, 3, 5, and 6."

This Insurance is limited to One Coupon of this paper for each holder, and is not invalidated by any Insurance with this or any other Accident Company, but is in addition thereto.

Notice of Claim must be made to MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., within seven days of the accident.

Signature

(See column 3, page 379).

Available from 5 p.m. of Friday, December 22nd, 1893, till midnight, Saturday, December 30th, 1893.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call "P. W." his own;

THE COST OF GENERAL ELECTIONS.

THOUGH election expenses are commonly supposed to be gradually decreasing, there are few people who have even the slightest conception of the cost of a General Election. As a matter of fact the figures are enormous, and are even greater than they were seven years ago; not only this, money has to be spent so lavishly that it is difficult to explain the popularity of the right to add the letters M.P. after one's name.

The cost of the last election was £958,532, or £1,610 per contest. In 1886, the General Election cost £624,086; in 1885, £1,026,645; while in 1880, the expenditure reached the tremendous figure of £1,750,000—nearly one million and three-quarters to whip up voters to record their own opinions for their own welfare! Stupendous as these figures are, there is no doubt that had there not been a law in operation which limits expenditure, the expenses incurred would have been very much greater.

Going deeper into the question the average voter would appear to be an extraordinarily apathetical personage. It will occasion some surprise when it is stated that the cost of each vote at the last General Election was four shillings and one penny, a sum hardly to be credited in these democratic days, but certainly better than elections prior to the passing of the Corrupt Practices Bill, when a single vote frequently cost as much as a sovereign and a barrel of beer.

The most expensive poll was that of Sir H. Gilzean Reid, a Liberal journalist at Handsworth, who spent £1,968 on an unsuccessful candidature. If we add to this the expenses of the gentleman returned at the head of the poll, this election alone costs close upon £4,000. The cheapest was that of Mr. Broad, in South Derbyshire, who was returned to Westminster a fully fledged legislator, after an expenditure of only £59.

Mr. Labouchere, true to his principles, taught a lesson in economy, his votes costing only 1s. 4d. each. Ireland went on the cheap, too, for the whole of the elections cost only £24,730, though the law allows an expenditure of £135,780.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

LATE one night I was summoned to attend a stranger who lay dying at a neighbouring inn. As soon as I saw the livid features, I knew there was no hope for him. He had a face like an Italian, dark eyes, and a forehead lined by mental suffering. I was about to administer an opiate, when he thrust aside my hand impatiently.

"I want you to hear my confession first," he said, "I shall detain you but a moment."

"I am a physician not a clergyman," I replied gently.

"Nevertheless, I beg you to hear me," he persisted, and his eyes gleamed. For one in his condition "humouring" was the best treatment. So I sat down.

"I shall not trouble you with a long history," he began. "In my early life I was a soldier, and a brave one, for had I not vowed to win fame and rank for the sake of one of Italy's fair daughters, who had pledged me her love?"

"At last I felt that I might present myself before Rubetti's relatives, and openly claim her hand. Impatient to every moment's delay, I hastened to lay my hard-won honours at her feet. But, alas! What tidings awaited me! In my absence Rubetti's family had forced her to marry a young noble, who coveted her fortune, not herself. She survived the cruelty but a little while, for within a month she drooped and died."

"I should have hurried back to the field and sought death there, but the war was over. The Church offered another refuge from the world, now grown insupportable. I became a priest, and in time an *attaché* of one of the great cathedrals. One night I entered a confessional facing one of the outer aisles, that I might be ready to hear, as was my custom, any chance penitent who might come to unburden his conscience under cover of the darkness."

"Several came and went, and when, at a late hour, I was on the point of retiring, believing my work was finished, a step approached and entered the compartment on the other side of the lattice. My lips are sealed against revealing what I then heard. At the close the penitent started to withdraw. I rushed upon him; seizing his arm, I turned him round. We stood in the aisle in the dim light. I drew back my cowl. He shivered as if he had seen a ghost."

"Luigi Castello!" he gasped.

"Ay, Luigi Castello!" I echoed.

"Is it your purpose to denounce me?" he asked, in a voice that was tremulous with terror.

"What I have heard I have listened to under the seal of sacred office," I replied; "I dare not disclose it."

"He breathed more freely."

"I have given you absolution," I continued, as my eyes, attracted by a sparkling light, fell on the hilt of a dagger at his girdle.

"I humbly thank you, father," he muttered.

"As far as lies in the power of the Church, you are now prepared to die," I added.

"Heaven grant!" he replied.

"Amen!" I answered, and, snatching the dagger, I sheathed it in his heart."

He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.

GREAT TOWNS COMPETITION.

1,500 GUINEA ENGRAVINGS TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

No. 27.

SPECIAL OFFER TO THE INHABITANTS OF SOUTH SHIELDS, STOCKPORT, (INCLUDING HEATON-NORRIS), STOCKTON-ON-TEES, AND SUNDERLAND.

As announced in previous issues we have devised a form of competition which, instead of being open to readers all over the kingdom, and thus, by the multitude of entries, affording individual competitors but a small chance of success, will be open to dwellers in particular towns only.

The prizes take the form of charming engravings, 20 by 30, handsomely framed in solid oak, of a kind that are sold in print-shops for a guinea apiece. The subjects have been carefully chosen for their artistic beauty, and in the case of each particular town the engravings will be on show somewhere while the competition is open.

For the purposes of this competition towns will be taken in alphabetical order. Every town containing at the last census 40,000 inhabitants or more in England will be admitted, and every town in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, of 20,000 or more.

The pictures will be presented in the proportion of one to every ten thousand of population, that is to say, Aberdeen with its population of 121,905 secured twelve pictures.

The towns will be arranged so that about thirty pictures are given away every week. This week the competition is open to dwellers in South Shields, Stockport (including Heaton-Norris), Stockton-on-Tees, and Sunderland.

Name of Town.	Population.	Pictures.
South Shields	78,451 ..	7
Stockport	70,253 ..	7
Stockton-on-Tees	49,781 ..	4
Sunderland	130,921 ..	13

The pictures are on view in South Shields at Messrs. Ramsey, Sykes, and Co.'s, 15, Laygate Lane; in Stockport at Messrs. Thompson and Sons, St. Peter'sgate, and at the publishing office of THE STOCKPORT CHRONICLE; in Stockton-on-Tees at Messrs. Tingle and Co.'s, 123, High Street; and in Sunderland at Messrs. Singleton and Co.'s, 3, Suffolk Street.

Competitors must be resident in one of the above towns, taking the widest recognised boundaries.

The competition will this week be on the following lines:—

Each competitor must copy out, on a sheet of paper, the following words:—

"I have great pleasure in recommending..... as a fit and proper person to receive one of the engravings offered as prizes in Pearson's Weekly."

In the blank space the competitor must fill in his own name, and he must also attach his full postal address to the document.

The engravings will be presented to those competitors who succeed in obtaining the greatest number of signatures to the above recommendation. A person may sign as many recommendations as he likes, and one competitor may, if he wish, attach his signature to another competitor's list.

Letters only. Please post early. To arrive at latest by first post Wednesday, December 27th.

Each attempt must be accompanied with the coupon at the top right-hand corner of front page of the wrapper of this issue, and no person must send more than one attempt.

NEXT WEEK'S PRIZES WILL BE FOR THE INHABITANTS OF SWANSEA TYNMOUTH (N. SHIELDS), WALSHALL, WALTON-ON-THE-HILL (LANCS), WARRINGTON, AND WEST BROMWICH.

After the large towns are exhausted, competitions will be held for which dwellers in small towns and villages alone are eligible.

RESULT OF GREAT TOWNS COMPETITION.

No. 25.

This form of competition has again proved most successful. A beautiful, handsomely-framed Guinea Etching has been awarded to each of the following persons:—

IN SHEFFIELD:—

Miss Bella Williams, Barcot Road, Meersbrook; Walter Swift, Meersbury Bank; Miss E. Burton, 18, Alderson Road; E. Hunter, 94, Addy Street, Upperthorpe; D. Wragg, 25, Goddard Hall Road; E. Shepherd, 28, Sargoyne Road; J. James, 34, Clifton Road, Attercliffe; H. Coldwell, 5, Vale Road; Miss E. Barron, 11, Brunswick Road; F. Kitson, 42, Crookmoor Road; Miss E. Cocking, 224, Crookmoor Road; A. Nelson, 1, Bethel Street, Sheffield; W. A. Utley, 14, Fitzmoor Road; W. Johnstone, 44, Angel Street; H. Bullard, 46, Balmain Street; B. Gray, 11, Jobson Street, Shalesmoor; Miss F. Johnstone, 74, Chippingham Street, Attercliffe; P. Loukes, 47, West Bar; S. Waller, 92, Bramwall Lane; F. Chester, 24, Paradise Square; F. Firth, 30, Shoreham Street; P. Partridge, 220, Petre Street; Miss K. Parkin, 215, Western Road, Crooke; J. Moore, Ecclesall Club, South Street, Moor; E. Sherwood, 62, Fieldhead Road; H. Wigley, 5, Rutherford Street; G. Hughes, 122, Eldon Street, Sheffield Moor; E. Chapman, 8 Court, 6 House, Furnace Hill, West Bar; J. Johnson, 57, Culvers Road, Attercliffe; L. Parkin, 19, Vincent Road; Miss C. Wragg, 29, Luckingham Road, Grimesthorpe Road.

IN ST. HELENS:—

A. Smith, 13, Church Street; P. Collins, 27, Westfield Street; W. B. McIlwraith, 123, Wadsworth Road; Miss A. Haselden, 50, Beckerstaft Street; R. Tunstall, 94, Park Road; P. Marsh, North Road Post Office; F. Ward, 38, Liverpool Road.

If Mr. W. E. Yeoman, of Sheffield, will forward his address to this office, the letter he requires in order to obtain his engraving will be sent on.

TOMMY: "Pa, what does the paper mean when it says 'comment is unnecessary'?"

Mr. Figg: "It means that the writer didn't know what to say."

"Ah, my son," said the minister, "I'm glad to see you in the Sunday-school at last. Is this your first Sunday?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you like it?"

"Oh, I think I can stand it until after the Christmas tree."

MR. SIMPEL: "Will you be mine, darling?"

Miss Strongmind: "You must first ask papa's consent, Harold."

Mr. Simpel: "But—but I drend to do it. I am extremely nervous, and, so to speak, so easily sat upon that—"

Miss Strongmind (hurriedly): "I'll be yours, Harold! Never mind about papa!"

THE SYREN OF THE SKIES.

By GEORGE GRIFFITH.

Author of "The Angel of the Revolution."

PROLOGUE.

THE PROPHECY OF NATAS.

THESE are the last words of Israel di Murska, known in the days of strife as Natas, the Master of the Terror, given to the Children of Deliverance dwelling in the land of Aeria, in the twenty-fifth year of the Peace, which, in the reckoning of the West, is the year nineteen hundred and thirty.

My life is lived, and the wings of the Angel of Death overshadow me as I write; but before the last summons comes I must obey the spirit within me that bids me tell of the things that I have seen in order that the story of them shall not die, nor be disguised by false reports as the years multiply and the mists gather over the graves of those who, with me, have seen and wrought them.

For this reason the words that I write shall be read publicly in the ears of you and your children and your children's children, until they shall see a sign in heaven to tell them that the end is at hand. No man among you shall take away from that which I have written, nor yet add anything to it; and every fifth year, at the Festival of Deliverance, which is held on the Anniversary of Victory,* this writing of mine shall be read, that those who shall hear it with understanding may lay its warnings to heart, and that the lessons of the Great Deliverance may never be forgotten among you.

It was in the days before the beginning of peace that I, Natas the Jew, cast down and broken by the hand of the Tyrant, conceived and created that which was known as the Terror. The kings of the earth and their servants trembled before my invisible presence, for my arm was long and my hand was heavy; yet no man knew where or when I should strike—only that the blow would be death to him on whom it should fall, and that nowhere on earth should he find a safe refuge from it.

In these days the earth was ruled by force and cunning, and the nations were armed camps set one against the other. Millions of men who had no quarrel with their neighbours stood waiting for the word of their rulers to blast the fair fields of earth with the fires of war, and to make desolate the homes of those who had done them no wrong.

The wealth of earth was possessed by the few who had taken it by force or fraud, and the many were their servants, toiling for them as hirelings as long as their strength lasted, even as the beasts of the field toil for their fodder. He that grew old and had not lands or money fell by the wayside and died, or was shut up in the prison-houses of the poor, for no man was his brother in the land where preachers taught the gospel of the brotherhood of man.

In the third year of the twentieth century Richard Arnold, the Englishman, conquered the empire of the air and made the first ship that flew as a bird does, of its own strength and motion. He joined the Brotherhood of Freedom, then known among men as the Terrorists, of whom I, Natas, was the Master, and then he built the aerial fleet, which in the day of Armageddon gave us the victory over the tyrants of the earth.

At the same time Alan Tremayne, a noble of the English people, into whose soul I had caused my spirit to enter in order that he might serve me and bring the day of deliverance nearer, caused all the nations of the Anglo-Saxon race to join hands from the west unto the east in a league of common blood and kindred, and they in the appointed hour stood between the sons and daughters of men and those who would have enslaved them afresh.

The chief of these was Alexander Romanoff, last of the Czars, or Tyrants, of Russia, whose armies, leagued with those of France, Italy, Spain, and certain lesser Powers, and assisted by a great fleet of war-balloons that could fly, though slowly, wherever they were directed, swept like a destroying pestilence from the western frontiers of Russia to the eastern shores of Britain, and when they had gained the mastery of Europe invaded England and laid siege to London.

But here their path of conquest was brought to an end, for Alan Tremayne and his brothers of the Terror called upon the men of Anglo-Saxondom to save their Motherland from her enemies, and they rose in their wrath, millions strong, and fell upon them by land and sea, and would have destroyed them utterly as I had bidden them do, but that Natas, who was my daughter and was known in those days as the Angel of the Revolution, pleaded for the remnant of them, and they were spared.

But the Russians we slew without mercy to the last man of those who had stood in arms against us, saving only the tyrant and his princes and the leaders of his armies. These we took prisoners and sent with their wives and their children to die in their own prison-land in Siberia, as they had sent thousands of innocent men and women to die before them.

This was my judgment upon them for the wrong that they had done to me and mine, for in the hour of victory I spared not them who had not known how to spare. Now they are dead and their graves are nameless. Their name is a by-word among men, for they were strong and they used their strength to do evil.

So we made an end of tyranny among the nations, and when the world-war was at length brought to an end we disbanded all the armies that were upon land and sank the war-ships that were left upon the sea, that men might no more fight with each other. War, that had been called honourable since the world began, we made a crime of blood-guiltiness for which the life of him who sought to commit it should pay, and as a crime you, the children of those who

have delivered the nations from it, shall for ever hold it to be.

We leave you the command of the air, and that is the command of the world, for the secret of the air-ships shall be known to none save to one man or woman of the family of Richard Arnold and Natas, his wife, who shall dwell among you to the end.

I myself do not know this secret, nor have I ever sought to discover it, and if any man or woman among you shall seek to discover it let him or her be accursed and destroyed as you would destroy a snake in your houses, for upon the keeping of this secret in a single breast, and that a true one, the peace and order of the world depend. If he to whom it shall lawfully be confided shall betray it, let him too be slain without mercy, though he be of my own blood, for he will not be worthy to live.

And should it come to pass—as in the progress of knowledge it may well do—that others in the world outside Aeria shall learn to navigate the air as you do, you shall go forth to battle with them and destroy them utterly, for we have made it known through all the earth that he who seeks to build a second navy of the air until a hundred years have passed from now shall be accounted an enemy of peace whose purpose it is to bring war upon the earth again.

Forget not that the blood-lust is but tamed, not quenched, in the souls of men, and that long years must pass before it is purged from the world for ever. We have given peace on earth, and to you, our children, we bequeath the sacred trust of keeping it. We have won our world-empire by force, and by force you must maintain it.

In the day of battle we shed the blood of millions without ruth to win it, and so far the end has justified the means we used. Since the sun set upon Armageddon, add the right to make war was taken from the rulers of the nations, we have governed a realm of peace and prosperity which every year has seen better and happier than that which went before.

No man has dared to draw the sword upon his brother, or by force or fraud to take that which was not his by right. The soil of earth has been given back to the use of her sons, and their wealth has already multiplied a hundredfold on every hand. Kings have ruled with wisdom and justice, and senators have ceased their wranglings to soberly seek out and promote the welfare of their own countries, and to win the respect and friendship of others.

Yet many of these are the same men who but a few years ago rent each other like wild beasts in savage strife for the meanest ends; who betrayed their brothers and slaughtered their neighbours that the rich might be richer, and the strong stronger, in the pitiless battle for wealth and power. They have become peaceful and honest with each other because we have compelled them to be so, and because they know that the penalty of wrong-doing in high places is destruction swift and certain as the stroke of the hand of Fate itself.

They know that no man stands so high that our hand cannot cast him down to the dust, and that no spot of earth is so secret and so distant that the transgressor of our laws can find in it a refuge from our vengeance. We stand between the few strong and cunning who would oppress, and the many weak and simple who could not resist them, and when we are gone you will hear the voice of duty calling you to take our places.

When you stand where we do now remember who you are and the tremendous trust that is laid upon you. You are the children of the chosen out of many nations, masters of the world, and, under Heaven, the arbiters of human destiny. You shall rule the world as we have ruled it for a hundred years from now. If in that time men shall not have learnt the ways of wisdom and justice you may be sure that they will never learn them, and deserve only to be left to their own foolishness. Since the world began the path of life has never lain so fair and straight before the sons of men as it does now, and never was it so easy to do the right and so hard to do the wrong.

Yet for the most part men are still children where their passions and their self-interest are concerned, for since the beginning their rulers have betrayed them for their own ends and driven them aside into false paths so that they might not find the light nor see how they had been deceived. But now they have been set in the right way, and shown both the evil and the good that they may choose between them.

So for a hundred years to come you shall keep them in the path of true progress in which we have set them, and those that would wilfully turn aside from it you shall destroy without mercy, lest they lead others into misery and bring the evil days upon earth again.

At the twenty-fifth celebration of the Festival of Deliverance you shall give back the sceptre of the world-empire into the hands of the children of those from whom we took it, because they wielded it for oppression, and not for mercy. At that time you shall make it known throughout the earth that men are once more free to do good or evil, according to their choice, and that as they choose well or ill so shall they live or die.

And woe to them in those days if, knowing the good, they shall turn aside to do evil! Beyond the clouds that gather over the sunset of my earthly life I see a sign in heaven as of a flaming sword whose hilt is in the hand of the Master of Destiny, and whose blade is outstretched over the habitations of men.

As they shall choose to do good or evil so shall that sword pass away from them or fall upon them and consume them utterly in the midst of their pride. And if they, knowing the good, shall elect to do evil it shall be with them as of old the Prophet said of the men of Babylon the Great: Their cities shall be a desolation, a dry land and a wilderness; a land wherein no man dwalleth, neither shall any son of man pass thereby.

For from among the stars of heaven, whose lore I have learned and whose voices I have heard, there shall come the messenger of Fate, and his shape shall be that of a flaming fire, and his breath as the breath of a pestilence that men shall feel and die in the hour that it breathes upon them.

Out of the depths beyond the light of the sun he shall come, and your children of the fifth generation shall behold his approach. The sister-worlds shall see him pass with fear and trembling, wondering which of them he shall smite, but if he

be not restrained or turned aside by the Hand which guides the stars in their courses, it shall go hard with this world and the men of it in the hour of his passing.

Then shall the highways of the earth be waste, and the wayfaring of men cease. Earth shall languish and mourn for her children that are no more, and Death shall reign amidst the silence, sole sovereign of many lands!

But you, so long as you continue to walk in the way of wisdom, shall live in peace until the end, whether it shall come then, or in the ages that shall follow. And if it shall come then you shall await it with fortitude, knowing that this life is but a single link in the chain of existence which stretches through infinity, and that if you shall be found worthy you shall be taught how a chosen few among your sons and daughters shall survive the ruin of the world to be the parents of the new race, and replenish the earth and possess it.

Out of the Valley of the Shadow of Death I stretch forth my hands in blessing to you, the children of the coming time, and pray that the peace which the men of the generation now passing away have won through strife and toil in the fiery days of the Terror may be yours and endure unbroken unto the end!

(END OF THE PROLOGUE.)

BOOK 1.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE CZAR.

CHAPTER I.

THE SURRENDER OF THE WORLD-THRONE.

A HUNDRED years had passed since Natas, the Master of the Terror, had given into the hands of Richard Arnold his charge to the future generations of the Aerians—as the descendants of the terrorists who had colonised the mountain-walled valley of Aeria, in Central Africa, were now called; since the man who had planned and accomplished the greatest revolution in the history of the world had given his last blessing to his companions-in-arms and their children, and had "turned his face to the wall and died."

It was midday on the 8th of December, 2030, and the rulers of all the civilised states of the world were gathered together in St. Paul's Cathedral to receive from the hands of a descendant of Natas in the fourth generation the restoration of the right of independent national rule which, on the same spot, a hundred and twenty-five years before, had been taken from the sovereigns of Europe and vested in the Supreme Council of the Anglo-Saxon Federation.

The period of tutelage had passed. Under the wise and firm rule of the Council and the domination of the Anglo-Saxon race the Golden Age had seemed to return to the world. For a hundred and twenty-five years there had been peace on earth, broken only by the outbreak and speedy suppression of a few tribal wars among the more savage races of Africa and Malaysia. Now the descendants of those who had been victors and vanquished in the world-war of 1904 had met to give back and assume the freedom and the responsibility of national independence.

The vast cathedral was thronged as it had been on the momentous day when Natas had pronounced his judgment on the last of the tyrants of Russia, and ended the old order of things in Europe. But it was filled by a very different assembly to that which had stood within its walls on the morrow of Armageddon.

Then the stress and horror of a mighty conflict had set its stamp on every face. Hate had looked out of eyes in which the tears were scarcely dry, and hungered fiercely for the blood of the oppressor. The clash of arms, the stern command, and the pitiless words of doom had sounded then in ears which but a few hours before had listened to the roar of artillery and the thunder of battle. That had been the dawn of the morrow of strife, this was the zenith of the noon of peace.

Now in all the vast assembly no hand held a weapon, no face was there which showed a sign of sorrow, fear, or anger, and in no heart, save only two among the thousands, was there a thought of hate or bitterness.

For three days past the Festival of Deliverance had been celebrated all over the civilised world, and now in the centre of the city which had come to be the capital, not only of the vast domains of Anglo-Saxondom, but of the whole world, a solemn act of renunciation was to be performed, upon the issues of which the fate of all humanity would hang, for the members of the Supreme Council had come through the skies from their seat of empire in Aeria to abdicate the world-throne in obedience to the command of the dear Master, from whom their ancestors had derived it.

At a table drawn across the front of the chancel, from which the screen had long since disappeared, sat the President and the twelve men, who with him had up to this hour shared the empire of the human race. Below the steps, on the floor of the Cathedral, sat in a wide semi-circle the rulers of the kingdoms and republics of the earth, assembled to hear the last word of their over-lords, and to receive from them the power and responsibility of maintaining or forfeiting, as the event should prove, the blessings which had multiplied under the sovereignty of the Aerians.

The President of the Council was the direct descendant, not only of Alan Tremayne, its first President, but also of Richard Arnold and Natas, for their eldest son, born in the first year of the Peace, had married the only daughter of Tremayne, and their first-born son had been his father's father.

Although the average physique of civilised man had immensely improved under the new order of things, the Aerians, descendants of the pick of the nations of Europe, were as far superior to the rest of the assembly as the latter would have been to the men and women of the nineteenth century, but even amongst the members of the Council the splendid stature and regal dignity of Alan Arnold, the President, stamped him as a born ruler of men, whose title rested upon something higher than election or inheritance.

At the last stroke of twelve, the President rose in his place, and, in the midst of an almost breathless silence, read the Message of Natas to the great congregation. This done,

* The 8th of December, on which day, in the year 1904, the armies of the Anglo-Saxon Federation and the aerial navy of the Terrorists defeated and almost annihilated the hosts of the Franco-Slavonian League, then besieging London under the command of Alexander Romanoff, last of the Czars of Russia, and so made possible the universal disarmament which took place the following year.

he laid the parchment down on the table and, beginning from the outbreak of the world-war, rapidly and lucidly sketched out the vast and beneficent changes in the government of society that its issues had made possible.

He traced the marvellous development of the new civilisation, which, in four generations, had raised men from a state of half-barbarous strife and brutality to one of universal peace and prosperity: from inhuman and unsparing competition to friendly co-operation in public, and generous rivalry in private concerns: from horrible contrasts of wealth and misery to a social state in which the removal of all unnatural disabilities in the race of life had made them impossible.

He showed how, in the evil times which, as all men hoped, had been left behind for ever, the strong and the unscrupulous ruthlessly oppressed the weak and swindled the honest and the straightforward. Now dishonesty was dishonourable in fact as well as in name, the game of life was played fairly, and its prizes fell to all who could win them by native genius or earnest endeavour.

There were no inequalities save those which Nature herself had imposed upon all men from the beginning of time. There were no tyrants and no slaves. That which a man's labour of hand or brain had won was his, and no man might take toll of it. All useful work was held in honour, and there was no other road to fame or fortune save that of profitable service to humanity.

"This," said the President in conclusion, "is the splendid heritage that we of the Supreme Council, which is now to cease to exist as such, have received from our forefathers, who won it for us and for you on the field of the world's Armageddon. We have preserved their traditions intact and obeyed their commands to the letter, and now the hour has come for us, in obedience to the last of those commands, to resign our authority and to hand over that inheritance to you, the rulers of the civilised world, to hold in trust for the peoples over whom you have been appointed to reign."

"When I have done speaking I shall no longer be President of the Senate which for a hundred and twenty-five years has ruled the world from pole to pole and east to west. You and your parliaments are henceforth free to rule as you will. We shall take no further part in the control of human affairs outside our domain, saving only in one concern."

"In the days when our command was established the only possible basis of all rule was force, and our supremacy was based on the force that we could bring to bear upon those who might have ventured to oppose us or revolted against our rule."

"We commanded and we will still command the air, and I should not be doing my duty, either to my own people or to you if I did not tell you that the Aerians, not as the world-rulers that they have been, but as the citizens of an independent state, mean to keep that power in their own hands at all costs."

"The empire of earth and sea, saving only the valley of Aeria, is yours to do with as you will. The empire of the air is ours, the heritage that we have received from the genius of that ancestor of mine who first conquered it."

"That we have not used it in the past to oppress you is the most perfect guarantee that we shall not do so in the future, but let all the nations of the earth clearly understand that we shall accept any attempt to dispute it with us as a declaration of war upon us, and that those who make that attempt will either have to exterminate us or be exterminated themselves. This is not a threat, but a solemn warning, and the responsibility of once more bringing the curse of war and all its attendant desolation upon the earth will lie heavily upon those who neglect it."

"A few more needful words and I have done. The message of the Master which I have read to you contains a prophecy, as to the fulfilment of which neither I nor any man here may speak with certainty. It may be that he, with clearer eyes than ours, saw some tremendous catastrophe impending over the world, a catastrophe which no human means could avert, and beneath which human strength and genius could only bow with resignation."

"By what spirit he was inspired when he uttered the prophecy it is not for us to say. But before you put it aside as an old man's dream let me ask you to remember that he who uttered it was a man who was able to plan the destruction of one civilisation and to prepare the way for another and a better."

"Such a man, standing midway between the twin mysteries of life and death, might well see that which is hidden from our grosser sight. But whether the prophecy itself shall prove true or false, it shall be well for you and for your children's children if you and they shall receive the lesson that it teaches as true."

"If in the days that are to come the world shall be overwhelmed with a desolation that none shall escape, will it not be better that the end shall come and find men doing good rather than evil? As you now set the peoples whom you govern in the right or the wrong path, so shall they walk."

"This is the lesson of all the generations that have gone before us, and it shall also be true of those that are to come after us. As the seed is, so is the harvest, therefore see to it that you who are now the free rulers of the nations, so discharge the awful trust and responsibility which is now laid upon you that your children's children shall not, perhaps, in the hour of humanity's last agony, rise up and curse your memory rather than bless it. I have spoken!"

CHAPTER II. A CROWNLESS KING.

LATE in the evening of the same day two of the President's audience—the only two who had heard his words with anger and hatred instead of gratitude and joy—were together in a small but luxuriously furnished room in an octagonal turret which rose from one of the angles of a large house on the southern slope of the heights of Hampstead.

They were a somewhat strangely assorted couple, yet between them existed the strongest ties that have ever bound men and women together for good or evil since the world began. One was a very old man, whose once giant frame was wasted and shrunken by the slow siege of many

years, and on whose withered, care-lined features death had already set its fatal seal.

The other was a young girl in all the pride and glory of budding womanhood, and beautiful with the dark imperious beauty that is transmitted like a priceless heirloom along a line of proud descent unstained by any drop of base-born blood.

Yet in her beauty there was that which repelled as well as attracted. No sweet and gentle woman-soul looked out of the great deep eyes that changed from dusky-violet to the blackness of a starless night as the sun and shade of her varying moods swept over her inner being. Her straight, dark brows were almost masculine in their firmness, and the voluptuous promise of her full, red, sensuous lips was belied by the strength of her chin, and the defiant poise of her splendid head on the strongly moulded throat whose smooth skin showed so dazzlingly white against the dark purple-velvet of the collar of her dress.

It was a beauty to enslave and command rather than to woo and win; the fatal loveliness of a Cleopatra, a Lucretia, or a Messalina; a charm to be used for evil rather than for good. In a few years she would be such a woman as would drive men mad for the love of her, and cast them aside with a smile when they could serve her no longer.

The old man was lying on a low couch of magnificent furs, against whose dark lustre the grey pallor of his skin, and the pure, silvery whiteness of his still thick hair and beard showed up in strong contrast. He had been asleep for the last four hours, resting after the exertion of going to the cathedral, and the girl was sitting watching him with anxious eyes, every now and then leaning forward to catch the faint sound of his slow and even breathing, and make sure that he was still alive.

A clock in one of the corners of the room chimed a quarter to nine as the old man raised his hand to his brow and opened his eyes. They rested for a moment on the girl's face, and then wandered inquiringly about the room as though he expected someone else to be present. Then he said in a low, weak voice:

"What time is it? Has Serge come yet?"

"No," said the girl, glancing up at the clock, "that was only a quarter to nine, and he is not due until the hour."

"No; I remember. I don't suppose he can be here much before. Meanwhile get me the draught ready, so that I shall have strength to do what has to be done before—"

"Are you sure it is necessary for you to take that terrible drug? Why should you sacrifice what may be months or even years of life to gain a few hours renewed youth?"

The girl's voice trembled as she spoke, and her eyes melted in a sudden rush of tears. The one being that she loved in all the world was this old man, the only relative or friend she had ever known, and he had just told her to prepare his death-draught.

"Do as I bid you, child," he said, raising his voice to a querulous cry, "and do it quickly while there is yet time. Why do you talk to me of a few more months of life—to me whose eyes have seen the snows of a hundred winters whitening the earth?"

"I tell you that, drug or no drug, I shall not see the setting of to-morrow's sun. As I slept I heard the rush of the death-angel's wings through the night, and the wind of them was cold upon my brow. Do as I bid you quick; there is the door-telephone. Serge is here!"

As he spoke a ring sounded in the lower part of the house. Accustomed to blind obedience from her infancy, the girl choked back her rising tears and went to a little cupboard set into the wall, out of which she took two small vials, each containing about a fluid ounce of colourless liquid. She placed a tumbler in the old man's hand and emptied the vials into it simultaneously.

There was a slight effervescence, and the two colourless liquids instantly changed to deep red. The moment that they did so the dying man put the glass to his lips and emptied it at a gulp. Then he threw himself back upon his pillows and let the glass fall from his hand upon the floor. At the same moment a little disc of silver flew out at right angles to the wall near the door, and a voice said:

"Serge Nicholaivitch is here to command."

"Serge Nicholaivitch is welcome. Let him ascend!" said the girl, walking towards the transmitter and replacing the disc as she ceased speaking.

A few moments later there was a tap on the door. The girl opened it and admitted a tall, splendidly built young fellow of about twenty-two, dressed, according to the winter costume of the time, in a close-fitting suit of dark blue velvet, long boots of soft brown leather that came a little higher than the knee, and a long, fur-lined hooded cloak, which was now thrown back, and hung in graceful folds from his broad shoulders.

As he entered the girl held out her hand to him in silence. A bright flush rose to her clear pale cheeks as he instantly dropped on one knee and kissed it, as in the old days a favoured subject would have kissed the hand of a queen.

"Welcome, Serge Nicholaivitch, Prince of the House of Romanoff! Your bride and your crown are waiting for you!"

The words came clear and strong from the lips which but a few minutes before had barely been able to frame a coherent sentence. The strange drug had wrought a miracle of restoration. Fifty years seemed to have been lifted from the shoulders of the man who would never see another sunrise.

The light of youth shone in his eyes, and the flush of health on his cheeks. The deep furrows of age and care had vanished from his face, and, saving only for his long white hair, if one who had seen Alexander Romanoff, the last of the Czars of Russia, on the battlefield of Muswell Hill could have come back to earth, he would have believed that he saw him once more in the flesh.

Without any assistance he rose from the couch, and drew himself up to the full of his majestic height. As he did so the young man dropped on his knees before him, as he had done before the girl, and said in Russian:

"The honour is too great for my unworthiness. May Heaven make me worthy of it!"

"Worthy you are now, and shall remain so long as you shall keep undefiled the faith and honour of the Imperial house from which you are sprung," replied the old man in the same language, raising him from his knees as he spoke. Then he laid his hands on the young man's shoulders, and, looking him straight in the eyes, went on:

"Serge Nicholaivitch, you know why I have bidden you come here to-night. Speak, now, without fear or falsehood, and tell me whether you come prepared to take that which I have to give you, and to do that which I shall ask of you. If there is any doubt in your soul, speak it now and go in peace, for the task that I shall lay upon you is no light one, nor may it be undertaken without a whole heart and a soul that is undivided by doubt."

The young man returned his burning gaze with a glance as clear and steady as his own, and replied:

"It is for your Majesty to give and for me to take—for you to command and for me to obey. Tell me your will and I will do it to the death. In the hour that I fall may Heaven's mercy fall me, too, and may I die as one who is not fit to live!"

"Spoken like a true son of Russia!" said the old man, taking his hands from his shoulders and beckoning the girl to his side. Then he placed them side by side before an ikon, or sacred picture fastened to the eastern wall with an ever-burning lamp in front of it. He bade them kneel down and join hands, and as they did so he took his place behind them and, raising his hands as though in invocation above their heads, he said in slow, solemn tones:

"Now Serge Nicholaivitch and Olga Romanoff, sole heirs on earth of those who once were Czars of Russia, swear before Heaven and all its holy saints that when this body of mine shall have been committed to the flames you will take my ashes to Moscow and bury them in Russian soil, and that when that is done you will forthwith take each other for wedded wife and husband according to the ancient laws of Russia and the rites of the orthodox church."

The oath was taken by each of the now betrothed pair in turn, and then Paul Romanoff, great-grandson of Alexander the Last of the Czars, raised them from their knees and kissed each of them on the forehead. Then, taking from his neck a gold chain with a small key attached to it, he went to one of the oak panels from which the walls of the room were lined, and pushed aside a portion of the apparently solid beading, disclosing a keyhole, into which he inserted the key.

He turned the key and pulled, and the panel swung slowly out like a door. It was lined with three inches of solid steel, and behind it was a cavity in the wall, from which came the sheen of gold and the gleam of jewels. A cry of amazement broke at the same moment from the lips of both Olga and Serge as they saw what the glittering object was.

Paul Romanoff took it out of the steel-lined cavity, and laid it reverently on the table, saying as he did so:

"To-morrow I shall be dead, and this house and all that is in it will be yours. There is my most precious possession, the Imperial crown of Russia, stolen when the Kremlin was plundered in the days of the Terror, and restored secretly to my father by the faith and devotion of one of the few who remained loyal after the fall of the Empire."

"In a few hours it will be yours. I leave it to you as a sacred heritage from the past for you to hand on to the future, and with it you shall receive and hand on a heritage of hate and vengeance which you shall keep hot in your hearts and in the hearts of your children against the day of reckoning when it comes."

"Now sit down on the divan yonder and listen with your ears and your hearts as well, for these are the last words that I shall speak with the lips of flesh, and you must remember them that you may tell them to your children, and perchance to their children after them, as I now tell them to you, for the hour of vengeance may not come in your day nor yet in theirs, though in the fulness of time it shall surely come, and therefore the story must never be forgotten while a Romanoff remains to remember it."

(To be continued.)

MISS BRIGHT: "What, shopping again! Mercy! but what a lot of presents you must be making this year!"

MISS FLIGHT: "I never give presents; am opposed to it on principle. But I do like to go round and price things. It is so gratifying, you know, when you make a visit after Christmas, and are shown the presents that have been received, to know just how much the things cost."

"RESULT OF CONTENTS BILL COMPETITION."

A large number of our readers entered for this competition and some fairly good Contents Bills were evolved.

A Miniature Dictionary has been forwarded to the following persons:—

F. A. Tice, 1, Putney Hill, London; J. Christie, 111, Sword Street, Donnington, Glasgow; William Gray, 12, Conway Terrace, Conway Road, Finshead, Kent; G. Anderson, 7, Lower Mearley Road, Dartford, Essex; L. Baker, 12, Chesham Avenue, Buckingham Street, Hull; Miss A. Watson, 13, Donbow, N.; J. Baker, 15, Arden Street, Huddersfield, Darlington; J. Milner, 43, Dilston Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne; A. Cox, 9, Orms Street, Barrow-in-Furness; Tom Mannix, 51, Pearson's Street, Kingsland Road; J. E. Thompson, 60, St. George's Road, Southwark; G. W. Branning, 17, Hulton Street, York Road, Leeds; W. G. Turner, 20, Well Hoekies, Birmingham; T. Bayne, 34, Crown Street, Glasgow; T. W. Brewer, 22, Garden Walk, Ashton, Preston; G. Cartmel, 7, Kingston Place, Leeds; S. Dickinson, 64, Westcroft Road, Great Horton, Bradford, Yorks; M. V. Easton, 16, Northbrook Road, Southampton; J. Heyward, 43, Liverpool Street; W. C. Hammond, 22, Sherborne Street, Blandford, Dorset; A. Barnett, 151, Waverley Road, Walthamstow; S. Schofield, 14, New Lodge Street, Moss Side, Manchester; G. Brown, Burns Place, Bonnington; R. Orford, 14, St. Nicholas Street, East Dereham; W. H. Smith, 77, Tavistock Crescent, N. Kensington; J. Davidson, Campbell Street, South Shields; Fred. Marchant, Jeauville, Ballantrae, Ayrshire; N. Chapman, 51, Gosford Street, Coventry; R. Campbell, East Boldon, E.A.O., Durham; E. Wells, 62, Bank Street, Merton, W. 11th; 18, High Street, Totting; J. W. Gadsby, 51, Crompton Road, Birmingham; W. Shalton, 40, Brynwood Road, Drayton Park, N.; W. Brazier, 21, Alexandria Street, St. Leonard's-on-Sea; A. N. Jones, 14, Janet Street, Edge Hill, Liverpool; J. Payne, 2, Upper Coombe Street, Croydon; H. Procter, 2, Park Street, Grosvenor Park Street, Hull; O. Collins, Thornbank Villa, Albert Road, Ilford; W. Wright, 12, Fenlon Street, Leeds; G. Ball, 25, Mount Street, Farnham; E. Willmott, care of Mrs. Elliott, 1, Alfred Terrace, Great Western Road, Glasgow; F. Dawes, 22, Waldergrave Road, Brighton; F. Ford, Willow Bank, Northwich, Cheshire; W. Davis, 17, Southampton Street, Fitzroy Square, W.; C. Hill, 23, Great Stanhope Street, Bath; A. Gregg, 31, Moncton Street, Kensington Road; W. Toxt, 19, Victoria Street, Portsmouth; O. Elgin, care of Mr. Boyce, 14, Brandon Terrace, Edinburgh; G. Daley, 6, Drury Lane, Bournemouth; D. Blake, 4, Stanley Road, Westford, Herts; B. C. Walsh, 70, Armadale Street, Glasgow.

FICTION.

THE FUN OF HAT-HUNTS.—Hat hunting, or chasing (windy weather of course), has never, we think, obtained that consideration, nor been looked on in that philosophical spirit to which its merits as a minor recreation, so far as regards the on-looker, entitles it.

For ourselves, there are not many things we like to see better than a good, well-contested, well-prolonged hat-hunt, or chase. To have the sport in perfection, the wind must, of course, be high, very high, and all the better if the huntsman be a rather fat and rather elderly gentleman, with a bald head—possessing, however, sufficient activity of limb to induce him to start in pursuit, for if he does not, of course, there can be little or no fun.

The circumstance of the hat being new, and the street very dirty—say, three or four inches deep of mud—are further improvements. Indeed they are all but indispensable to what we would call a complete and highly-finished exhibition of hat-hunting.

As far as more movement is concerned, it does not, perhaps, make much difference whether the hat be new or old, the street dirty or clean, but that the hat should be new, and the street should be dirty, is desirable, on the amiable principle of the more mischief the better the sport.

The reason why we prefer stout, elderly gentlemen, in the recreation of hat-hunting is this: The most critical and most interesting point in the hat-chase is when the huntsman, after a long run, watching his opportunity, pounces on the hat.

If he is elderly, and consequently a little stiff about the joints, he stoops with such difficulty, that the hat—if it be anything of a spirited hat at all—can easily, and almost always does, start off on a new and livelier career than before, just at the moment the old gentleman is about to clutch it. The sport is thus prolonged *ad infinitum*.

The bald head, too—but this, we confess, is a little hard-hearted—looks well in the case of a vigorous and earnest man in the act of pursuing his game along the centre of a crowded street; it heightens the general effect of the exhibition greatly.

But it is not to the man alone that the whole interest of the exhibition is confined; the hat comes in for a large share of it. Hats in truth, in such circumstances, become a really curious subject of study—they become, as it were, instinct with life, and assume the features and characteristics of vitality.

So viewed, it will be found that the prevailing disposition of a recreant hat that has escaped from its owner's head, is that of sly, mischievous cunning. When it goes off first, it goes off with a sudden but hearty and honest whirl, but watch its subsequent progress, and you will soon perceive the spirit that is within it.

Having made a rush of a hundred yards or so in a straight line, and with great regularity of movement, it suddenly bolts up against a wall, and there reposes, apparently as quiet and harmless as when on the head of its owner. But let anyone approach it, especially the owner, and off it goes again with greater speed than before, at a moment for which it has evidently been watching.

Another very common trick of the fugitive hat is to affect to be rolling leisurely along, and thus to tempt you into the belief of its being an easy capture. Deceived by this appearance, you pursue with a corresponding moderation of pace.

The cunning hat gradually, and almost imperceptibly, increases its speed. You perceive it, and increase yours. It gets on faster and faster, you do the same, until both have attained their maximum of velocity—the hat, however, invariably keeping the lead.

As a proof of the mischievous disposition of hats which have thrown off all allegiance in this lawless way, it may be observed that if there be a cart or carriage in the way, you may depend on it that it will, even at the extra trouble of going considerably out of its line of flight, clap itself either before one of the wheels or get amongst the horses' feet, to be crushed or trampled into irremediable shapelessness.

If, too, there be one spot in the streets more dirty or more wet than another, as sure as Fate will it take it, and go straight through it. A favourite feat of the fugitive is to roll through one or more of those accumulations, or little seas of mud, that the scavenger's industry has collected on either side of the street.

Never stop a hat in such circumstances—the hat, of course, not being yours—if you are a true lover of sport.

THE MILKMAN'S VIEW.—I went over to see Biles, our milkman, the other day, and I found him in the back yard mending his pump. In reply to a jocular remark about his dairy being in a bad way when the pump was out of order, Biles said:

"Oh, I ain't going to deny that we water the milk. I don't mind the joking about it, but all I say is that when people say we do it from mercenary motives they slander the profession. No, sir, when I put water in the milk I do it out of kindness for the people who drink it. I do it because I am philanthropic, because I'm sensitive, and can't bear to see folks suffer."

"Now, s'pose a cow is bilious, or something, and it

makes her milk unwholesome; I give it a dash of water, and up it comes to the usual level. Water's the only thing that'll do it. Or, s'pose that cow eats a p'son vine in the woods, am I going to let my innocent customers be killed by it for the sake of saving a little labour at the pump? No, sir! I run in a few quarts of water, neutralise the p'son, and there she is right as a trivet.

"But you take the best milk that ever was, and it ain't fit for the human stomach as it comes from the cow. It has too much caseine in it. Professor Agazziz says that millions of poor ignorant men and women are murdered every year by loading down weak stomachs with caseine. It sucks up the gastric juice, he says, and gets daubed all over the insides until the pores are choked, and the first thing you know is that the man suddenly curls up and dies."

"He says that out in Asia, where the milkmen are not as conscientious as we are, there are whole cemeteries full of people that have died of caseine, and that before long that country will be one vast burying ground if they don't ameliorate the milk."

"When I think of the responsibility resting on me, is it singular that I look at this pump and wonder that people don't come and silver-plate it, and put my statue upon it? I tell you, sir, that that humble pump, with the cast-iron handle, is the only thing that stands betwixt you and sudden death."

"And, besides that, you know how flat raw milk tastes—inipid and mean. Now, Professor Agazziz, he says that there is only one thing that will vivify milk and make it luxurious to the palate, and that is water. Give it a few jerks under the pump, and out it comes sparkling and delicious, like nectar."

"I dunno how it is, but Professor Agazziz says that it undergoes some chemical change, that nothing else will bring it about but a flavouring of fine old pump water. You know that the doctors all water the milk for babies. They know mighty well if they didn't those young ones'd shrink all up and sorter fade away."

"Nature is the best judge. What makes cows drink so much water? Instinct, sir, instinct. Something whispers to 'em that if they don't sluice in a little water that caseine'd make them giddy and eat 'em up. Now, what's the odds whether I put in the water or the cow does? She's only a poor brute beast, and might often drink too little; but when I go at it I bring the mighty human intellect to bear on the subject: I am guided by reason, and I can water that milk so's it'll have the greatest possible effect."

"Now, there's chalk. I know some people have an idea that it's wrong to fix up your milk with chalk."

"But that's only mere blind bigotry. What is chalk? A substance provided by beneficent Nature for healing the ills of the human body. A cow don't eat chalk because it's not needed by her. Poor, uneducated animal! She can't grasp those higher problems, and she goes on nibbling some grass and other things, and filling her milk with acid, which destroys human membranes and induces colic."

"Then science comes to the rescue. Professor Agazziz tells us that chalk cures acidity. Consequently I get some chalk, stir it in my cans, and save the membranes of my customers without charging them a penny for it—actually give it away, and yet they talk about us milkmen as if we were buccaneers."

"But I don't care. My conscience is clear. I know mighty well that I have a high and holy mission to perform, and I'm going to perform it if they burn me at the stake. What do I care how much this pump costs me, and if chalk is threepence a pound, so long as I know that without it there wouldn't be a membrane in this community; and you'll believe me, that before another century will roll round a grateful universe will worship the memory of the first milkman who ever had a pump, and who doctored his milk with chalk. It will, unless justice is never to have her own."

Then Mr. Biles rigged up his pump, toned up a few cans of milk, corrected the acidity, and went into the house to receipt my bill.

FIRST POLITICIAN: "My dear sir, international arbitration is all humbug. Why, if you do away with war, how are you going to keep down the surplus population?"

Second Politician: "Why, we've got football."

To those who have become tired of the old-fashioned games usual at Christmas, the following may be found suitable:—

Hunt up a lot of poor people who have not got any Christmas dinner, and go and give them one.

N.B.—This game may be played by any number of persons.

A YOUNG man home from college, wishing to inspire his little sister with awe for his learning, pointed to a star, and said:

"Sis, do you see that bright little luminary? It's bigger than this whole world."

"No taint," said Sis.

"Yes, it is," declared the young collegian.

"Then why don't it keep off the rain?" was the triumphant rejoinder.

FACTS.

BELGIUM was the first country to make hypnotism a crime.

THE notes of the Bank of England cost exactly one halfpenny each.

THE American cents of 1787 bore the motto, "Mind your business."

RAPID growth of the finger nails is considered to indicate good health.

It is computed that 950,000 dinners and lunches are served daily in London restaurants.

Q is the letter O with a tail. Hence its name, which comes from the French *queue*, a tail.

OF 1,000 men who marry, 332 marry younger women, 579 marry women of the same age, and 89 marry older women.

TEN million packs of playing cards are used in the United States every year, and that is one to every seven people, men, women, and children.

STEEL has been used for shipbuilding only fourteen years, yet it is estimated that ninety-six per cent. of the vessels built at the present day are of steel.

KNOX COUNTY, Ill., U.S.A., is probably the divorce centre of the world. In the last five years the number of divorces have averaged one to every seven marriages.

A PNEUMATIC tube connects Paris with Berlin. It is used for postal purposes, and makes it possible for a letter posted in Paris to be delivered in Berlin in thirty-five minutes.

THE horrors of life in the metropolis may be approximately estimated when, according to a musical journal, there are in London at this moment 214,000 females who are learning music!

THE edible dogs in China are known by their bluish black tongues. They never bark, and are very taciturn. Four millions and a half are slaughtered annually to titillate the palates of the Celestials.

To ascertain roughly the length of the day and night at any time of the year, double the time of the sun's rising, which gives the length of the night, and double the time of setting, which gives the length of the day.

If parents are tall the children tend to be tall, but the offspring of parents of unequal height most frequently follow the shorter. Excessive tallness is very rarely perpetuated; even if both the parents are above the average, the height of the offspring is usually only a third of the excess reached by the parents.

SAXON girls a thousand years ago always wore a gold crown during the marriage ceremony, this article being kept in the church, and a fee being paid the priest for its use by the brides of the parish. In the year 927 the Danes raided the south of England and stole one hundred church crowns, and there was no marrying in the afflicted villages for nearly six months until new crowns could be made.

THE profits of a popular music hall "serio" do not always end with her salary and "share." Miss Bessie Bonehill, in her "newsboy" part, in which she does a cartwheel, often has coin thrown on the stage to her. These coins are carefully collected and banked for her two-year-old son. The banking account has totted up to £125 so far. Stage pathos is always so much more profitable than the real ragged, suffering article.

A NOVEL bet was made recently by a Cuban who was a constant visitor to one of the cafés on the Paris boulevards—the wager being for one thousand francs—that the head-carver would not cut and make two thousand complete sandwiches in twenty-four hours. The carver won the bet easily, accomplishing the feat in nineteen hours and forty minutes, demolishing twenty-two hams in the operation. This huge mass of sandwiches was divided among the principal hospitals of Paris and the environs.

I hereby certify that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY \$1,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE, and also of the GENERAL ACCIDENT INSURANCE has been paid up to Jan. 25th. 1894, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS under the conditions named in the coupon on page 375, and against all General Accidents, to the extent and under the conditions named in the coupon on page 376.

Wm. T. Paul
Secretary of the
Ocean Accident & Guarantee
Corporation, Limited

RAILWAY RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

IV.—SOME SELECTED GRIEVANCES.

THE following are instances selected from a large mass of correspondence which has come to hand in response to my invitation. It should be understood that as it is quite impossible to deal with every instance, only those which seem to show the greatest grievance, or to expose the most absurd anomalies, can be published. Correspondents who do not find their communications noticed are therefore requested not to consider that the omission is due to any lack of courtesy or consideration, but simply to the fact that, either the cases are not suitable for publication, or they are so similar to others that the one case practically covers several questions.

I must add that a considerable number of correspondents have written asking me for legal advice on disputes with railway companies which are still *sub judice*. A little consideration will show that it is quite impossible for me to do this. The best course that I can recommend these ladies and gentlemen to take is to subscribe half-a-guinea to the Railway Passengers' Protection Association, and put the case before the legal adviser of that body.

This course will be at once far cheaper and more efficacious than employing a solicitor, because, while the solicitor may take up the case for the sake of probable costs, the Association will not take it up unless it is a sound one and involves a principle worth fighting for. I must again repeat that for private individuals to go to law with wealthy corporations like railway companies is simply a most unsatisfactory way of throwing money to the lawyers.

Railway law is a field of itself, and it demands special knowledge to traverse it safely. Not all lawyers, or even many, possess this knowledge, but those retained by the companies always have it, and hence, in nine cases out of ten, the long purse and the special knowledge enable the company to beat or weary out the private litigant. Wherefore, all about to go to law with railway companies should apply to the Association first. This will, I hope, be found a sufficient answer to those correspondents who have asked me for advice, by giving which I should probably expose myself to the capricious but costly terrors of contempt of Court.

COLOUR SERGEANT points out a great injustice on the part of the Railway Clearing House, which I am sure will evoke widespread sympathy, particularly in the army. About three years ago an army order was made that all soldiers on leave or furlough would be allowed to travel over all British railways at single fares for double journeys. The order applied also to soldiers' wives and families. In the teeth of this the Clearing House orders that Sergeant Instructors of Volunteer Corps are not to have the benefit of this. A case is quoted in which three Sergeant Instructors are engaged, one on the Militia staff, recruiting, one on the Yeomanry staff, and one on the Volunteer staff, both instructing. These men are all liable to be sent back to their respective corps at any time, and yet only one of them, the Sergeant on the Militia staff, is to be allowed the privilege of a single fare for the double journey, while the other two will have to pay as if they were civilians. . . . This is about as mean and vexatious a regulation as could very well be made, and I'm very glad to be able to give publicity to it. Surely it is a question for the army authorities to look into.

W. W., a working man, asks me to give publicity to the awkwardness and injustice of the Great Northern Company's system of workmen's trains. The last cheap train to King's Cross is at 6.19 a.m., and the fare is twopence. At 6.24 and 6.31 other so-called workmen's trains are run at double the cheap fare, while the next one is at 7.7. The hardship inflicted by the company consists in the fact that very few trades start work in London until after seven—sometimes eight. Therefore if a workman wants to travel by the real workman's train, he has to get into London an hour or so before he needs to, and this, especially on cold winter's mornings, is a very serious hardship indeed. Added to this, the company charges after the 6.19 a.m. 4d. to King's Cross, and the same to Moorgate Street, almost half as far again. . . . This is certainly a question for the Legislature. All trains starting from the suburbs to London up to 7.30 a.m. ought to be workmen's trains, and the fares ought to be regulated by statute. Another matter that Parliament ought to look into, in the interests of comfort, safety, and sanitation, is the utterly disgraceful overcrowding of nearly all these workmen's trains. A really bad accident to one of them would have results too appalling to contemplate.

G. T. appears to have been very harshly treated by the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company. On two different days last summer he took a return ticket from Clayton Bridge to Manchester, fare 5d. He returned each time at the expiration of two days and claimed to use his return half ticket. His name and address were taken, he was served with two summonses, and fined 20s. and costs in each case. This came to £5 14s. As he could not pay in three days the L. and Y. Co. took out two warrants at the cost of £1, bringing the total charges up to £5 14s.—and then he had to

borrow the money to pay. . . . Unfortunately G. T. was not defended in the magistrate's court by a skilled lawyer. If he had been I scarcely think so great an injustice would have been done. He was told afterwards that in the opinion of counsel he could have upset the magistrate's decision, but that it would cost him £100 to do it. Just so. Here, as elsewhere, the outrageous cost of legal proceedings encourages injustice and gives opportunity to oppression. As a matter of fact I believe that the condition "Available for return on day of issue only" is bad in law and cannot be sustained.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER sends me some charming instances of pure craziness on the part of certain railways in the West of England and Wales. It is impossible to read them without coming to the conclusion that the object of the companies is to spite the public and contradict the very principles upon which they are permitted to exist—the service and convenience of the public. The 6 a.m. G.W.R. from Birmingham and 8.10 from Shrewsbury arrives at Chester at 10.2, and the North-Western 5.15 from Euston leaves Chester for Holyhead at 10, and the loss of this two minutes' connection means a waste of half a day for the passenger, say, from Shrewsbury to Holyhead. The G.W.R. deliberately refuse to accelerate their service. The result is that passengers have to leave Shrewsbury by the N.W. at 7.15 and get to Chester at 9 o'clock, so that they may cool their heels on the platform for an hour. The G.W.R. Severn Valley 8.7 a.m. from Shrewsbury to Worcester has been altered to 7.55. The train from the North arrives at Shrewsbury five minutes after this, so that passengers cannot make the connection, and have to wait till 11.20. The G.W.R.'s excuse for this alteration is the statement that they have "decided to sever the connection."

[Correspondence invited. Mark envelopes "RAILWAY."]

THE EXILES' REFUGE.

WHATEVER else London can claim to be it is certainly the home of the revolutionist and the exile. Into this country are gradually drifting some of the most dangerous characters the Continent has given birth to, and as surely as they make tracks for England so surely is the detective following their footsteps.

It is not generally known that in London there exists, besides our own police, a small army of foreign detectives, continually looking after those who, in regard to their own safety, have thought it wiser to leave their native land. Many of these men are watched for months and months.

It has been stated that revolutions are planned and made in London, and this is true to a great extent. There are foreigners in London at this moment who profess to be waiting for the time when the Capital and the Parliament House of their native lands will be levelled to the ground. What is more, many of them are prepared to undertake the task, so bitter is their hatred of their country's rulers.

These people are in frequent communication with their friends abroad, but if they are unusually dangerous their correspondence is always read before delivery. As a rule they meet in each other's lodgings, which are generally situated in the slums, for they are, as a rule, very poor; or they resort to a small club, where they discuss their plans of destruction. The speeches delivered are of the most violent description, and are, for the most part, suggestive of cold-blooded assassination.

Whenever a large body of excited citizens are at war with their countrymen, and are known to be plotting some act of revenge, a man in the employ of the Government concerned is usually close at hand, if, indeed, he is not a member of the group, and the whole time making believe that he sympathises with the objects of the society. Cool and calculating to a degree, he attends all the meetings, long reports of which he secretly despatches to his Government at home, so as to warn them of pending catastrophes.

Le Caron, the well-known secret service agent, was a most prominent member of the Fenian Brotherhood in Canada, and yet he was a detective in the pay of the British Government.

For some years he held a high post in the cut-throat organisation, spoke enthusiastically in favour of the free use of dynamite in the blowing up of public buildings, but after each meeting he was careful to send home detailed accounts of what was likely to happen, in order that the police might take the necessary precautions to avert disaster.

SINGLETON: "In her girlhood days your wife was possessed of a very sunny disposition. Has she any of it yet?"

Longwed: "Well—er—enough to make things warm for me occasionally."

A SERVANT girl returned to the employment agency and said she had been discharged from her place because she was too industrious.

"Why, how can that be? What did you do?"
"Shure, they told me to clean the house. I cleaned all upstairs, and then went down into the cellar and dusted and washed all the bottles in the wine cellar, and they discharged me!"

THE SORT OF THING.

If there is one thing more than another to throw a man into a gnashing-of-teeth and tearing-of-hair condition, it is his attempt to give the wife of his bosom an account of some ordinary affair, to which she listens after this fashion.

"Oh, my dear," said Mr. Tomkins, "I must tell you something Jack Buvling told me to-day while—"

"Where did you see Jack Buvling?" interrupted his better half.

"Oh, we went to luncheon together, and—"

"How did you happen to go out to luncheon together?"

"Well, we didn't exactly go out together; I met Jack at the restaurant, and—"

"What restaurant?"

"Calloway's; and Jack—"

"How did you happen to go to Calloway's? I thought you always lunched at Draper's."

"I nearly always do; but I just happened to drop into Calloway's to-day along with Jack and—"

"Does he always lunch at Calloway's?"

"I'm sure my dear" (a little sharply) "that I don't know if he does or not. It makes no earthly difference if—"

"Of course not; I just wondered if he did, that's all. Go on with your story."

"Well, while we were eating our soup, Jack—"

"What kind of soup?"

"Oxtail. Jack said that—"

"I thought you disliked oxtail soup?"

"Well, I don't care much for it, but—"

"How did you happen to order it, you stupid, if you don't care for it?"

"Because I did," (severely). "But the soup has nothing to do with the story."

"Of course not" (in arieved tone). "I never said it did. I don't see why you should get cross over answering a simple question. Go on."

"While we were eating our soup, Lawrence Hildreth and his wife came in, and—"

"They did?"

"I have just said so."

"Well, you needn't get so cross about it."

"They came in and—"

"Is she pretty?"

"Pretty enough, for all I know. Jack bowed and—"

"Does he know them, then?"

"Well, now, do you suppose he would have bowed if he hadn't known them? I declare if I—"

"How was she dressed?"

"How should I know? I never looked at her dress. What I was going to tell you was that they—"

"Did they sit near you?"

"Yes, at the next table; and whilst they were ordering Jack said that they—"

"Couldn't they hear him?"

"Do you suppose" (fiercely) "that Jack would have no more sense than to let them hear him talking about them? Look here, now—"

"James, if you can't tell a simple tale without getting into a passion you'd better keep it to yourself. What did Jack say?"

"He said that Mrs. Hildreth's father was opposed to the match, and—"

"How did he know that?"

"Great Caesar! There you go again!"

"James, will you please remember that it is to your wife whom you are speaking, sir?"

"No other woman could drive me raving, distracted, crazy, asking silly questions about—"

"James!"

"Every time I try to tell you something you begin and you—"

"James," rising with dignity, and saying stiffly, "I do not propose listening to any such insulting remarks, and—"

"You never listen to anything, that's the trouble. If—"

"When I ask you a simple question you—"

"I'd say 'simple.' You've asked me a million 'simple' questions in the last half hour, just because I was going to tell you that Jack Buvling said that—"

"I do not wish to know what Jack Buvling said, if you cannot tell it respectfully. I shall have my dinner sent to my room since it is so painful for you to eat with an idiot."

Retires scornfully, while he narrowly escapes an attack of apoplexy.

CHRISTMAS STORIES! FOR ONE PENNY.

The Next Issue of "Short Stories" Contains a Number of Splendid Christmas Stories, including one from the Pen of "Blata," Entitled "Twice Mistaken." The Issue is Illustrated by Miss G. Demain Hammond, Miss Warry, and Messrs. Hope and Merritt.

PUBLISHED ON SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28.

SOME VERY IMPORTANT MARRIAGES.

THE marriage of Bertha with Ethelbert of Kent prepared the way for the conversion of England to Christianity.

The marriage of Henry VIII. with Anne Boleyn was one of the chief factors which determined the Reformation.

The marriage of Emma of Normandy with Ethelred the Unready gave the Conqueror an excuse for asserting his claim to the throne of England.

The marriage of Henry I. with Matilda of Scotland reconciled the people to the Conquest by restoring the line of Cerdic.

The marriage of Henry II. with Eleanor of Aquitaine made England the first Continental power in Western Europe, and thus produced the long struggle with France.

The marriage of Henry VII. with Elizabeth of York closed the Wars of the Roses.

The marriage of Henry VII.'s daughter Margaret with James I. led to the union between England and Scotland.

The marriage of Mary, James II.'s daughter, with William of Orange, gave direction to the Revolution of 1688.

The marriage of Sophia with the Elector of Hanover gave us Kings with German interests, and consequently again involved us in Continental struggles.

THE TRAFFIC IN NIGHT-CABS.

It is a very little known fact that there is a regular trade in horses which are only used after nightfall. A P. W. interviewer had a chat a short time back with a man who knows a good deal about this infamous traffic.

"It is quite a common occurrence," said he, "for horses to be bought on their way to the knacker's yard, as a preliminary to being sold as cat's meat. Two pounds per animal is about the price, and they are let out on hire, together with broken down cabs, which are reeking with filth, to any man who is foolhardy enough to take them out. Now and then they can be purchased for thirty shillings, and occasionally for less.

"At night time the drivers can avoid the observation of the police, and as a result make a good thing out of the business, to the great harm of the honest cabman who has a good horse and a comfortable vehicle. Some of the animals are so decrepit that it is a wonder they don't drop down dead before they are put in the shafts; in fact, I have seen some so full of sores as to absolutely beggar description.

"A horse of this sort and a ramshackle cab can be hired for about six shillings a night, the hirer taking all risks of prosecution. Immediately day dawns the horse and cab disappear, the driver well knowing that if he shows himself while it is light he is certain to be instantly detected. The cabs themselves are a positive danger; never clean, there can be no doubt that they breed disease."

GREAT SPORT.

AN enthusiastic French marquis met an English friend in Paris, and offered him a few days' shooting on his estate. The invitation was accepted, and the man set out the next day. The journey was seven hours by railway, but to a true sportsman that was nothing.

The next morning the visitor was waited upon by the marquis's keeper, and the day's sport was at once mapped out.

"To begin with," said the keeper, "we will go into the vineyard, where at this season we shall be sure to find some thrushes."

"And after that?" said the visitor, to whom the prospect of killing a few song-birds was not very exciting.

"Ah, well! after that we will spend a while on the open plain, where there will be plenty of larks. Then I will show you some moor-hens that I know of. Down there in the marsh, too, I saw a fox last year—yes, a wild fox! We will look him up. Perhaps he is there still."

"But have you any partridges?"

"Partridges? Yes, indeed! We have them, but they are not so easy! We have four, but a month ago Monsieur the Marquis killed one and badly wounded another. The poor creature hasn't yet recovered. That leaves only two. We will go after them, of course, if monsieur wishes; but, then, what shall we do next year? Now, if monsieur could only finish the wounded one that would be just the thing!"

"Well, well; but have you no covert shooting—no hares?"

"Hares! Certainly, certainly, we have hares. I will get the dogs and we will go into the woods. You shall see some beautiful hares. We have three—Josephine, Alphonse, and the old Adolphe. For the time being Josephine is sacred—she has little ones. The little Alphonse is her mate, so that he is the father of a family. We will spare them, of course—eh, monsieur? But we will kill old Adolphe. Indeed it is time; I have been hunting him for five years."

WHY HE WONDERED.

IN a certain community a lawyer died who was a most popular and worthy man, and among other virtues inscribed upon his tomb was this: "A lawyer, and an honest man."

Some years afterwards a farmer's convention was held in the town, and one of the delegates, of a sentimental turn, in rambling among the tombs, was struck with the inscription: "A lawyer, and an honest man."

He was lost in thought, and when run upon by a fellow farmer, who, noticing his abstraction, asked if he had found the grave of a dear friend or relative, said:

"No; but I was wondering why they came to bury these two fellows in the same grave."

THE ORIGIN OF THE MENU.

IT was the Duke Henry of Brunswick who was first observed in the intervals of a banquet to scan carefully a long strip of paper by the side of his plate, and when the curious guests ventured to inquire into the nature of his studies, he explained that it was a sort of programme of the dishes which he had commanded from the cook, to the intent that if some delicacy which especially appealed to him were marked for a late stage in the repast, he might carefully reserve his appetite for it.

The simplicity and beauty of the idea appealed instantly to the good duke's convives, and the menu card from that moment became an institution. In its old-fashioned form the bill was usually written in large letters on cards of such imposing dimensions that room for one only could be found at each end of the board.

In the mediæval dinner this aid to selection must have been an absolute necessity, for the dinner in those days was a mine of surprises.

A MAN, A BOY, AND A SNOWBALL.

"SOME winters ago when the snow was very deep," writes a contributor, "I came upon a fiendish boy. He was making up a snowball for my edification."

"Put it down," said I.

"What for?" he demanded. "I suppose there is no law to prevent a boy carrying a bit of snow about if he likes."

"There was a merry twinkle in the boy's eye, and I knew it would be disastrous to turn my back."

"Mark me well, sir," said I wrathfully; "I will call upon your father."

"Father died when I was a baby," was the reply.

"Well, then, your mother will do just as well."

"Mother died a year after my father. I live with my uncle and aunt!"

"Where do they live?"

"They live with me," responded the boy as he kneaded the snowball harder.

"This was a clincher, and I turned sadly away to receive the missile in the nape of my neck, and to hear a wild whoop of triumph as my persecutor disappeared down a dark alley."

TEACHING THE VULGAR TO BE POLITE.

A P. W. representative had a talk the other morning with a lady who teaches deportment to those who have sprung into a better class of society than that in which they were brought up.

"My clients are of all ages," said the lady, "and of both sexes. They are chiefly of the newly-rich order—folk of humble origin, who have suddenly become wealthy. Naturally vulgar, they know that so long as they are ignorant of decent manners they cannot get into good society, so they come to me and undergo a thorough course of tuition."

"My charges are half a guinea a lesson, but I make a slight reduction for a series. With regard to age, I suppose I have had half a dozen who have turned sixty years. Many of them are rich American store-keepers, who, finding that money goes a long distance over here in the way of making friends, are anxious to fraternise with fashionable folk."

"Of course I don't accept everyone as a client; if I did I should never make any headway, and certainly get no credit for my work; for I should like you to understand that there are many people who can never get rid of their inborn vulgarity."

"I don't mind confessing that I have had several failures. I once agreed to teach a very wealthy and very vulgar wife of a foreign butcher how to behave herself according to the maxims of the best society, but my efforts were absolutely futile, and the good lady is still living in obscurity."

"I have a few male clients. They come when they are about to attend some important reception, or make an attempt to get into the clubs. Many of them, vastly wealthy though they are, are so lacking in refinement that they don't even know how to eat correctly."

"Another part of my business is to coach brides and bridesmaids how to behave at weddings; I also teach dancing, and for this again I often have clients of both sexes over forty years of age."

A CHARITABLE GIRL.

WHETHER by bribe, by flattery, or by both, history does not say, but by some means a mother and daughter managed to gain access to Paderewski's sanctum. The mother was proud of her daughter, as mothers will be; and as for the daughter, she had aspirations. She had been taught to play, she thought she played well, and, to make a long story short, she ardently deared Paderewski's opinion of her prowess.

She came then, saw the piano, and attempted its conquest. Paderewski listened, or appeared to, while the mother beat time approvingly. At last, with a final crash, the girl rose from the stool, and the mother flushed with pleasure.

"Tell me," she whispered to the artist; "tell me in confidence. What do you think of her?"

Amiably the artist rubbed his hands together.

"I think she must be very charitable."

"Charitable! Charitable!"

"Yes," Paderewski sweetly repeated. "Charitable. Surely she letteth not her left hand know what her right hand doeth."

POP-BALLS.

THERE is a famous product of the prairies of the Dakotas. I refer to that nothing-else-on-earth-like-it—the pop-weed. It is rank growth, but little less than marvellous in its way. It has a stalk like a cabbage plant, with a large, round top. There are thousands of acres of it on the Indian reservations.

In the vicinity of alkali beds it grows to a prodigious size. When the terrific north-west winds blow late in the autumn the pop-balls become detached from the stalk and roll for miles over the prairies, until they reach uneven country or other obstructions, where they accumulate and pile up like houses of snow.

Behind these banks of weeds the wild buffalo find shelter in mid-winter from the fierce blizzards. If the pop-weed ball comes forcibly in contact with any hard object while rolling it explodes with a tremendous report, a cloud of fine powder passes on through the air, and thousands of sharp, fine needles are thrown out in every direction.

These needles are the seeds of the pop-weed, and are what produce mischief with stock, for they are very penetrating. A "critter" will run from a rolling pop-weed like a rabbit from a fox. The Indians tell strange and interesting stories about the weed. It is said that the young braves of the tribe, for discipline and to prepare themselves to endure great torture, fight with these pop-balls as schoolboys do with snowballs.

"The battle of the pop-weed" is held once a year, and is witnessed by the whole tribe with great pomp and parade. There are the noise and smoke of battle to perfection, and the fine, sharp needles cause intense pain.

The greatest exhibitions of bravery are rewarded by promotion in the tribe, and presentations of handsome beadwork are made by the young braves' best squaws or maidens. The needles from the largest pop-weeds are very long, and when baked in hot ashes become very hard.

MY CLAMMY ASSAILANT.

THE other night, after I had been in bed a couple of hours, I awoke with a start. It was pitch dark. I listened for a moment, trying to convince myself that I was mistaken, but I certainly heard sounds downstairs. So springing out of bed, I hustled into a few clothes and crept boldly to the first floor, then paused to listen.

Muffled sounds, as if a person were moving about, came up to me from the scullery. Without further hesitation I continued my advance, unlocked the passage door, and again listened. The noise had stopped, but I could hear breathing not far away.

I put my hand in my pocket to get out the matches, when something moved a few feet in front of me.

"Now then, who's there?" I shouted, as bravely as I possibly could.

No answer. "Come out of that; I know you are there."

Still no answer. I took a couple of steps forward, when an icy cold and flabby hand was laid on my cheek. A shiver ran through my body, and my teeth chattered. A second later I moved my head aside sharply and hit out first with the right and then with the left fist, bringing them both in contact with the scullery wall, and rasping the skin off the knuckles.

Before I had time to assume the defensive, I was struck smartly on the other cheek by that cold, moist hand, and as I ducked my head it caught me behind the ear. To be candid, I was now thoroughly scared. A good bull-doggy burlgar I could have tackled, and without any trepidation, but to be hit about the head with ghostly flippers made me want to scream.

After striking out hard in all directions, still keeping my footing, and bleeding profusely in both hands, I paused, hot and flushed, yet shivering withal. It was then that I smelt a smell of fish, and striking a match, I cautiously peered round me, to find that I had been attacked by a wet sole that my wife had hung up the night before, and which the cat had been trying to get hold of, and had left swinging when I frightened her off.

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

Those will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

SPECIAL TO MY READERS.

THE circle of friends made through this page has been widening with such rapidity, and the topics which we discuss cover such a wide field, that I have often longed for a whole paper to myself in which I could more adequately deal with the various subjects. I have gently hinted at this to our good Editor on several occasions during the last twelve months; but he either did not realise the importance of the work, or else he did not see his way to gratifying my request, and so passed it by.

One day lately the feeling came over me again more strongly than ever, while dealing with my usual daily correspondence. There seemed no subject in connection with woman's home life and work on which there was not a letter, or perhaps several.

Besides the usual topics which I write on in these columns, I get such questions as, "I apologise, dear Isabel, for troubling you, but I am just settling into a new house, and my furniture, etc., etc." Or, "I have seen the most delightful embroidery to-day; could you tell me how I could copy it?" Here follows a description of the embroidery.

Letters from country readers, requesting information as to what is being worn in London, are without number, and so on. I reason with myself that if one woman writes for information on a certain point, there are probably a thousand who would be interested in and grateful for advice concerning it. I thought the subject well out in the night, and the next morning laid it plainly before the Editor, with this result. We are to have a paper of our own called HOME NOTES, and at the same time this HOME NOTES page will be continued.

Fashions, Health, Fancy-work, Home Dress-making, Cookery, Household Decoration, Stories—indeed, everything, too long a list to enumerate here—will be found in the pages of the paper. Its main object will be to tell of every method by which household expenditure can be economised. It will, in fact, be a pennyworth which will, I hope, in the course of a twelvemonth, save everyone of its readers many pounds. The journal, too, is to be profusely illustrated, and printed on beautiful paper, and I am securing the assistance of the best writers on various topics. But I will go more into details of this sort next week.

The first number will appear on Thursday, January 18th, and in order to avoid a difficulty which often exists in obtaining new publications from the newsagents, I offer to send to anyone who, before January 15th, will forward me their name and address and one shilling, the first twelve numbers of HOME NOTES, post-free. Each copy so sold will mean an actual loss, for a great deal is going to be given for a penny, but I think it a wise course to pursue in order to get the paper about at once. These subscriptions should be sent in immediately, in order to facilitate the task of booking them. At the same time, those in a position to do so can order the paper from their newsagent.

Space forbids me to write more this week on this most interesting topic. I shall speak fully of the various features next week. How delightful to think that before long those interested in this page will have the opportunity of getting all sorts of information which its narrow limits now preclude me from giving them!

To make Paper Stick to Metal.

Dip the metal into a strong hot solution of washing soda, and wipe it dry with a clean duster. Then apply onion juice to the surface of the metal, when any paper or label will adhere so firmly that it will be difficult to separate them.

These Two Recipes for Bronchial Affections

are sent me by a correspondent who has tried them and finds them excellent: *Embrocation* for rubbing into the chest. One part of spirits of turpentine, two parts of vinegar, and two parts of milk. Shake well together, and keep in a tightly corked bottle. To relieve the Cough, take five drops of ipecacuanha wine in a tablespoonful of hot water occasionally.

Tasty Fried Bacon and Cabbage.

First boil some cabbage and drain it, then cut the bacon into rashers. Fry the bacon and put it on a very hot dish. Put some chopped cabbage into the frying-pan, season it highly with pepper, and fry it in the bacon-fat, and place it round the rashers. Pour about a tablespoonful of vinegar into the pan and give it a good boil up, then pour over the bacon. This really is a very tasty dish at a small cost.

Wire Baskets, for frying croquets, or potato ribbons, etc. in, are amongst the greatest conveniences of the modern kitchen. They may be bought in several sizes, at a small cost, and are very necessary for frying in deep fat.

Brilliantine is easily made at home if the necessary ingredients are to be had. Mix together two drachms of castor oil, six drachms of almond oil, and one drachm of essence of bergamot or jockey club, and two drachms of rectified spirit. (Reply to S. B. SMITHWICK.)

Save Old Bandboxes and use them in cases of gout, scalds, or bad wounds to keep the bedclothes from resting on the injured parts. For this purpose the bottom should be carefully cut out and the box opened. Where a proper cradle is not procurable I have known a "bandbox cradle" prove most useful.

To Cure Dandruff, and make the hair bright and glossy, follow this recipe, and you will be delighted with the result. Take half an ounce of powdered sulphur, place it in a phial, add one pint of water, and shake it carefully at intervals of a few hours. Saturate the head every morning with the clear liquid, and in a week or two all dandruff will have disappeared. (Reply to M. K. N.)

Warm Dish-covers Carefully, or you will often chill and spoil a carefully-prepared and tasty dish. An old-fashioned cook always warmed her covers as carefully as her plates, but I observe that the modern and high-class cook often omits to do so; probably she considers life is too short for such details. I can, however, assure her that it is not, for by serving good hot viands in cold vessels they are often rendered unpalatable.

Creaming Butter in cold, frosty weather is very often found to be a slow process, but this should not be, if the following hint is followed: Take a strong china bowl, and stand boiling water in it for ten minutes; throw the water away, and wipe the inside of the bowl dry. Place the butter in the bowl and beat it with the hand till it creams. By standing the water in the bowl for ten minutes, the china is well warmed through, it retains its heat well, and the surface is not over-heated.

Cook Kidneys, thus: Remove the gristle from the kidneys carefully. After cutting each one in two, rub over with best oil, and broil before a nice clear fire for ten or fifteen minutes. Chop some parsley finely, add a few drops of lemon juice to it, and work into a thick paste with a lump of butter. On each piece of kidney serve a little lump of the "green butter." Probably the reason that you have been unsuccessful in boiling kidneys, is that you have omitted to rub them over with oil or butter previous to cooking. (Reply to DOROTHY.)

On Fireguards. Again I wish to remind my readers, that for safety a wire fireguard should be found in every grate in the house. These are very inexpensive and, all will agree, are a great safeguard to property and even to life. In fact, where wood logs are burnt they are a necessity, and no fire of this kind should be left without a guard. Sparks are very apt to fly from the wood and the surroundings of the fire being dry, are easily ignited. In every nursery or school-room where children are sometimes left alone, there should be a high wire fender guard, which should be attached at either end to the wall.

Snow Pudding is suitable for a Children's Party, for it looks pretty and is perfectly wholesome. Dissolve one ounce of gelatine in one pint of cold water, and let it stand an hour. Then add one pint of boiling water to it, and stir till all the gelatine is dissolved. When this is cold, add two cupfuls of castor sugar and the whites of six eggs well beaten. Flavour with vanilla, or any flavouring preferred, and beat all together with an egg-beater till very stiff. Then pour it into moulds. Make a nice custard with the yolks of the eggs and one quart of milk. Turn out the pudding from the mould, garnish with a little cochineal rubbed into sugar, and pour the custard round.

An Excellent Date Pudding is made as follows, and is far better for children than the usual Christmas Pudding. Procure one pound of dates at about two pence per pound, scald them in boiling water for a moment, and set near the fire to dry; remove the stones, and chop the fruit small. Put six ounces of flour in a basin, add a pinch of salt to it, and a little baking powder; mix in four ounces of finely chopped suet, add the chopped dates, about a quarter of a grated nutmeg, and two ounces of brown sugar. Moisten the pudding with as little water as possible, or better still one egg, and boil the whole in a buttered basin for four hours. Serve with a little scalded cream, or a nicely flavoured cornflour sauce. This recipe was sent me by a correspondent from Exeter, who had tried it and found it excellent. (Thanks to B. L.)

Parsley, interspersed with thin slices of lemon, is the correct garnish for boiled fish. Fried parsley tastes nice, and forms a pretty garnish to fried fish, croquets, and cutlets.

Sausages. Take three pounds of pork, fat and lean, cut into small pieces, season with a tablespoonful and a half of finely-powdered sage, half an ounce of salt, half an ounce of pepper. Mix all well together, and then press it through some well-cleaned skins with a sausage machine, and twist into the lengths required. (Reply to HARRIET.)

Eggs and Calves' Liver as an entree forms a tasty dish. First fry six eggs and arrange in a long dish. Add a chopped onion to about two ounces of finely-chopped calves' liver, quickly toss them in a frying-pan over a strong fire for about eight minutes, add a few drops of vinegar, salt, and a little cayenne pepper. Garnish both ends of the long dish with this, and serve.

A Baby's Mouth and gums should be washed every morning with water, in which a pinch of borax is dissolved. This simple lotion keeps the mouth fresh and sweet, and prevents the uncomfortable affliction, a sore mouth, with which I know so many poor babies are troubled. I shall be pleased to give you any other simple remedies that you may require. (Reply to MATSEY.)

German Biscuits Take a quarter of a pound of butter and rub it into twelve ounces of flour; add half a pound of fine sugar, half a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, and enough milk to form a nice dough. Roll out very thin, cut into rounds with a tumbler, and bake on greased tins. Biscuits of all sorts, I would remind my readers, should be baked in a slow oven, so as to be crisp without browning.

Prepare Floor for Dancing, thus: Have floor nicely washed, and when the boards are thoroughly dry scatter powdered borax all over them. Rub this in well with the feet, and if there are children in the house, get them to slide on the boards lengthwise and you will have a most perfect surface for the most exacting dancer. Instead of the borax, some people wipe the floor over with milk, and the effect is equally good.

On Onions. I wish again to impress on my readers that there is no article of simple diet more wholesome than the onion. It soothes, acts as a nerve, cleanses the kidneys, and is excellent in relieving hoarseness and colds. Onions are really best baked or fried. I know that many people object to the odour of the breath after eating them. This difficulty may be got over by taking a cupful of black coffee, eating an apple, or a little nice fresh parsley. There are so many advantages in eating onions that children should all be encouraged to like them.

Rusks. I have a good recipe for these, which will, I hope, suit you: Put one quart of warm milk into a pan with one ounce of German yeast, four ounces of sugar, and six ounces of flour. Mix all well, and then set it aside to rise in a warm place. But six ounces of butter into three pounds and a half of flour, and when the ferment is ready add it and make all into a stiff dough. Set it to rise for a little, and then divide into four. Make into long rolls and bake on a buttered tin after they have been proved well. When cold cut in slices, place on tins, and brown on both sides in a quick oven. (Reply to Mrs. G.)

Isabel

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All copy must be sent in by Noon on Thursday, Dec. 28 if intended for the Issue on sale Jan. 18, and dated Jan. 20.

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The Proprietors reserve the right to hold over or suspend the insertion of any advertisement without prejudice to the other insertions on order.

WEEK ENDING
DEC. 30, 1893.

Ladies, look out for PEARSON'S

SUNLIGHT
232,000 Prizes

The First of these Monthly Competitions to be followed by

Competitors to save as many "SUNLIGHT" Soap Wrappers containing the heading "SUNLIGHT SOAP." These (called the Competitor) has written his or her full name and address, a light, near Birkenhead, marked on the Postal Wrapper (top left-hand corner).

No. of District. For this Competition the United Kingdom will be divided into 8 Districts as under:

- 1 IRELAND.
- 2 SCOTLAND.
- 3 MIDDLESEX, KENT, and SURREY.
- 4 NORTHUMBERLAND, DURHAM, and YORKSHIRE.
- 5 CUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, LANCASHIRE, and ISLE OF MAN.
- 6 WALES, CHESHIRE, STAFFORDSHIRE, SHROPSHIRE, WORCESTERSHIRE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, and HEREFORDSHIRE.
- 7 NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, DERBYSHIRE, LINCOLNSHIRE, LEICESTERSHIRE, WARWICKSHIRE, RUTLANDSHIRE, NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, CAMBRIDGESHIRE, HUNTINGDONSHIRE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, BEDFORDSHIRE, and OXFORDSHIRE.
- 8 ESSEX, HERTFORDSHIRE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, BERKSHIRE, SUSSEX, HAMPSHIRE, WILTSHIRE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, SOMERSETSHIRE, DORSETSHIRE, DEVONSHIRE, CORNWALL, ISLE OF WIGHT, and CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Every month the largest number will each receive a Safety Cycle.

The next 3 Lady's or Gent's £4 4s.

The next 20

The next 30

The next 40

The next 50

The next 1,000

I. The Competitor must be a resident of the United Kingdom.
II. Competitor must be a British subject.
III. A printed Coupon for Books then closes, to those where this is done.

IV. Messrs. L. ability and judgment of Messrs. Lever Ltd.
*The Bicycles World's Fair, Ch. Coventry and 14 H. bury's "Invincible"

"What to Eat,

This Guide

This interesting book is written by a London Physician for the guidance of those who suffer from Weak Stomach, Flatulency, or any form of Indigestion and Nervousness. Attention to the simple rules given will surely secure sound health and strength.

Sent Free.

What to Avoid."

A copy will be forwarded gratis and post paid to every applicant. Simply send your name and address, mentioning Pearson's Weekly. Guy's Tonic Company, 6, Gloane Square, London, E.C.V.



In addition to other useful information, the Guide contains special articles on Drinking Fluid, with Meals, How to prepare Tea for Dyspepsia, Noise on Coffee, Alcohol, Smoking, Sleep after Food, When and What to Eat, Diet Table for Reducing Weight, Diet Table for Increasing Weight, a Table of the Chief Articles of Food, with the Time each takes to Digest.

BORWICK'S PERFECTLY PURE AND FREE FROM ALUM.
BAKING POWDER

HAIR & SCALP DISEASES.

VIOLIN—RARE BARGAIN.

FOR SALE—Very fine instrument, splendid Model F of Old Master (labeled), beautiful full, rich, mellow tone, perfect spring, and suitable for lady or gentleman, for solo or orchestra; also splendid inlaid horn, large Tuxor (substantially at 25), Velvet Chin Rest, Tuning Fork, Mute, Extra String, and Hand-rest. Black Half-guinea Case, hair-lined and well-fitted, and finished with brass mounts, handles, etc., worth 25 s. price only £1 5s., carriage paid; sent on approval, before payment, with 12 s. W. E. R. 12, 1, Bloomsbury Road, Shepherd's Bush, London.

1893. JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.	OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.	1894. JANUARY.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.
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JAMES OSBORNE, Medical Pharmacy, Ashborne, Derbyshire, who will forward, free of charge, full particulars, with testimonials, of the most successful remedy ever discovered for this distressing malady. Sent to all parts of the world.

WHAT CAN WE TELL YOU?

THIS week we will give the usual fifty copies of the smallest book in the world, which contains 384 pages and weighs only 44 grains, with magnifying glass and case, to the fifty persons who send in the best answer to "IF WE SEND YOU A DICTIONARY WHAT WILL YOU SAY?" Post early, with coupon from first page of cover.

P. O. T. informs me that his cat is a lover of cucumber, and wishes to know if I have ever heard of another instance in which a cat has shown a liking for this strange diet. I don't think I know of any authentic case of the kind, P. O. T., but I shouldn't be at all surprised to learn that most cats ate cucumber on the sly, and that the music we are wont to hear in the still night is not the joyous outpourings of the feline heart, but the wail of the unrequited cucumber far down in the recesses of the cat. It isn't at all an unreasonable theory, is it?

QUEENY writes to tell me that her brother is quite a remarkable person in his way. Some years ago he was unfortunate enough to lose both his legs in a railway accident. He procured a pair of artificial limbs, but one day while out walking he managed to alip and fall, his right arm passing under the wheel of a heavy railway wagon. He also lost an ear in a carriage accident. He has now a false arm, a pair of false legs, and a wax ear; yet, in spite of these infirmities, he occupies a good berth in the office of a solicitor, and conducts his business in a thoroughly practical fashion. He writes a good fist with his left hand.

PLUTARCH puts this question to me:—Tell me why although egotism is deprecated in general conversation, biographical works are so much appreciated?—When you have had enough of a biographical book you can shut it up with a bang, whereas if you attempt the same thing with an egotist—well, it all depends upon his fighting weight.

B. L. P. is in a seriously uncomfortable state of mind and body. He is suffering from what he calls a "knock-kneed eyelash," which is a hair growing inwards instead of outwards on the eyelid. It causes a deal of irritation to the eyeball, and my correspondent is afraid that the trouble will lead to total loss of sight in that particular eye. There is some foundation for your fears, B. L. P., for there is practically no permanent cure for the affliction. You can obtain a certain amount of temporary relief by pulling out the hair, but it will come back in a month or more about as stiff and as strong again. To get a doctor to destroy the sac from which it emanates is really the only way to get rid of it. The operation is a bit unpleasant, and when it is done you can't be certain that the root of the evil has been got at, and that the hair won't sprout again at some future date. You had better go to a doctor anyway.

GRANDFATHER is advancing in years, and he would like to know what are his chances of coming to a natural end. For seventeen years he has never been ill for longer than a day, and although he is now seventy-eight he makes a practice of walking five miles a day regularly. The fact that you ask such a question as this leads me to conclude that you are beginning to worry about the sort of death you are going to die. You must not do that. You stand a very good chance of evading illness and accidents in the future, and although only one person in a thousand dies of old age, still there is no reason in the world why you should not be one of these fortunate individuals.

R. F. D.—Undoubtedly there is a great deal in the pretensions of some folk to discriminate with absolute certainty between wines of different vintages. I don't understand how it is done, any more than you do; one wine tastes much the same as another to me once the dividing line between good and bad has been passed. I heard a capital story on this subject the other day. A gentleman had some friends coming to dine with him, and among them was one who set up to be a great judge of wine. The host did not believe one bit in his gifts in this direction, and determined to test them. So he sent to the village shop for a bottle of two-hilling port. This was handed round at dessert and the connoisseur was asked what he thought of it. "A magnificent wine," was his reply. "I would stake my reputation that it is of the finest 1854 vintage." Then the host laughed. As soon as he could sufficiently control himself, he said it was two-shilling port that he had bought that afternoon at the village shop. This made everyone else laugh, except the connoisseur, who stuck to his opinion, and said that he would buy any quantity of it that was to be had at two shillings a bottle. So positive was he that a big bet was made on the matter. The company then and there repaired to the village shop, and searching investigation disclosed the fact that the host's butler had been systematically selling his master's best wine to the shopkeeper for a shilling a bottle! The port was 1854, and the judge of wine won his bet.

I HAVE before me a most interesting letter from a correspondent signing himself "G. R.," who writes from Thetford, in Norfolk, giving particulars of the oldest industry in Britain, which is at the present moment being carried on in the village of Brandon, on the borders of Suffolk and Norfolk. The work takes the form of manufacturing gun and tinder-box flints, and may be traced back to the pre-historic stone age. It is carried on in little sheds, and in many cases in the backyards of the villagers' cottages. The flints are, many of them, exported to Africa for use in the old flint-lock muskets possessed by the natives.

BUILDER.—There is every reason to suppose that chimneys are of Italian origin, as the first authentic mention of them is contained in an account of a Venetian earthquake in 1347, when numbers of them toppled over into the streets.

CARTER is built in such a way that he cannot stand the effects of tobacco smoke. His lungs become affected, and he starts coughing whenever he sits in the same room with anyone who happens to be smoking. This is very inconvenient, he says, and he would like me to suggest a method by which he can cure the irritation.

There is no possible way of preventing the smoke from getting into your lungs if it is in the atmosphere at all. The only thing for you to do is to destroy the smoke altogether. You can, I believe, attain this end by fastening a ring of platinum over a small hand lamp and placing it on the table. When the ring becomes red hot it will consume every particle of smoke that may be about the room, and the air will be as clear as if it had never been polluted with smoke of any sort or kind.

POOR EDWIN is in trouble. He is a regular Cockney, born within sound of the bells of Bow Church. Of this he is positive. But although he is quite sure he is a Cockney, he cannot for the life of him find out what a Cockney is. This is naturally awkward. A Cockney, as he very rightly points out, might be anything. To relieve him from his embarrassing position I hasten to explain the archæology of the word. A Cockney is a citizen of Cockaigne, and Cockaigne, EDWIN, is a very favoured country, a land of plenty, which exists only in the pages of fiction, and whose origin has been traced as far back as the annals of classical Greece.

In this country called Cockaigne,
The more I eat, the more I gain.

It was a veritable larder of luxuries and good living. The walls of the city were made of all things good to eat, the rafters of immense sausages, the roofs of lard, and the lathes of barley-sugar. There were pastry-cooks' shops which supplied all that was nice without asking for payment. The rivers and the fountains ran with wine and refreshing drinks. The fish waddled into the houses ready fried, and little porkers ran about the streets, cooked and stuffed, and squeaking to be carved. "But what has this to do with me?" I hear poor EDWIN cry. Very much, my friend. In days gone by London was a mystery to the country people. The inhabitants of the City were supposed to obtain the means of most luxurious living in return for little or no labour. The streets were paved with gold, the Modern Babylon, in short, was a sort of Utopia, the City of Cockaigne, whose inhabitants were Cockneys. The term has never died out because their great and unusual love of eating and drinking and high living generally has perpetuated the designation to the honour or the contempt of Londoners.

N. R. asks a very reasonable question: "Why is a turkey called a turkey?" According to Dr. Johnson, because he is a large domestic fowl which comes from Turkey. But here the great lexicographer has gone astray. How the misnomer arose is a mystery which defies discovery, for this large fowl hails from North America, a fact of which we have ample and complete evidence. The introduction of the turkey into Europe seems to have been one of the first results of the Spanish conquest of Mexico, and, therefore, dates from the early part of the sixteenth century. The turkey was unknown in this country until the reign of Henry VIII., and one may suppose was brought over by one of the early navigators who sailed under the auspices of that merry and much-married monarch.

MOTHER.—For every twenty girls that are born there are twenty-one boys.

H. B.—Your question, "What becomes of all the pins?" is one that is very often asked, but scarcely ever answered correctly. The usual reply to it is, "Oh, they are lost." Now, forty million pins are made in England every day, which means that, approximately, the same number disappear daily, for pins are only used for purely temporary purposes. They can't all be just lost and lie about. If they were, we should tread on a pin at every step in densely populated districts. Very thin strips of steel, which is what pins really are, rust very readily when exposed, in almost no time moisture transforms them into little sticks of oxide. And once this has happened the least shock—a gust of wind, or the stroke of a broom—reduces them to dust. Pins, then, are constantly disappearing into dust, and thus making way for the ceaseless output of the pin factories.

RESULT OF THE SPELLING MIS-TAKE COMPETITIONS.

THE resources of our staff have been severely taxed during the past week in going through the thousands upon thousands of lists of errors which have come to hand, and judging from the letters we have received from competitors themselves, this form of competition has proved both interesting and amusing, and, might we almost say, elevating.

In the first place, I may perhaps be pardoned in mentioning that quite a large number of competitors write to say that they have been unable to find any mistakes, and congratulate us on the result. On the other hand, one person forwards an imposing volume of closely written MS., containing no fewer than 760 mis-spelt words. I have waded through his list most carefully, and after striking out such hypothetical errors as "Don't" for "do not," and "It's" for "it is," only two genuine mistakes were left.

No little difficulty has been experienced in deciding, by the light of Nuttall's Standard Dictionary, what are, and what are not, spelling mistakes. For instance, Nuttall gives such words as "realize," "demoralize," and "civilize," with a "z," the alternative and now commonly accepted spelling with an "s" not being mentioned. So "civilised" and other similar words with the "s" have been counted as mistakes. On the other hand, Nuttall gives "nought" and the alternative "naught," "enclose" and "inclose." In such cases no mistake was allowed.

Each list, however, has received the most careful consideration, and I have decided to award the prizes as follows:—

P. W. Christmas.—Mr. James Finlayson, 2, Darnley Terrace, Showlands, Glasgow, and Mr. John C. Wilson, 13, Wellington Street, Strand, London, W.C., with thirty-four mistakes each—of which all but about half a dozen are of a similar nature to that by which "s" is substituted for "z" in "civilized"—divide the two prizes of £50 and £20, and a cheque for £35 has been forwarded to each of them.

Short Stories, Christmas.—In this competition the first prize is awarded to Mr. Charles Douglas, Melrose, Wickham Road, Fareham, Kent; and the second to Mr. H. W. F. Temple, 1, Gillespie Crescent, Edinburgh. Cheques for £50 and £20 respectively have therefore been forwarded to the above competitors.

FANNY.—The first mention of a girl's school in this country is contained in an account of a ceremony, during the course of which a mask was presented to the Queen of James II. at Greenwich by the "young gentlewoman of the Ladies' Hall at Deptford." This was in 1617.

If every dog has its day, every fish has its season. F. R. has been making kind inquiries after the fat and savoury little sprat, whose season is ushered in on the Lord Mayor's Day, and only lasts for ten weeks or thereabouts. From inquiries I have made, it would seem that no less than 100,000 lbs. of these little fish are sold in the thoroughfares of the metropolis every day while they are on the market. The Billingsgate man who is responsible for this statement estimated that the total value sold during the season exceeded £25,000.

G. R.—Yes, there is no doubt tremendous waste in the direction you indicate. Great Britain possesses a sea coast line about 7,000 miles in length, and it has been calculated that on an average 3,000 tons of seaweed could be collected on every mile of shore per annum. Whether every species is nutritious as food is not known, but certainly a very great many are. Its medicinal qualities have been made apparent in many ways, and as a fattening food for cattle it is valued very highly in some parts of the country. Seaweed is also used, although to no very great extent, for paper-making, and very generally indeed as manure.

The limited space in this page permits of only a very small fraction of the letters addressed to this office every week being answered in print, but any reader who encloses a stamped addressed envelope with his enquiry, will receive a reply through the post.

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"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

The Hon. Surgeon to His Excellency Viceroy of India prescribes Clarke's Blood Mixture largely, and speaks highly of its efficacy in skin affections, &c. On this account we wrote asking if you could supply the Mixture for dispensing purposes.—Letter from A. John & Co., Druggists, &c., Agra, India, June, 1888.

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FOR CLEANSING AND CLEARING THE BLOOD from all impurities it cannot be too highly recommended. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, and sores of all kinds it is a never-failing and permanent Cure. As this Mixture is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

THE BLOOD being the source from which our systems are built up, and from which we derive our mental as well as our physical capabilities, it is important that it should be kept pure. If it contains vile festering poisons all organic functions are weakened thereby, and settling upon important organs, such as the lungs, liver, or kidneys, the effect is most disastrous. Hence it behoves everyone to keep their blood in a perfectly healthy condition. No matter what the symptoms may be, the real cause of a large proportion of all diseases is bad blood.

SKIN DISEASES, Eruptions, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ringworms, Sore eyes, Erysipelas, Scurf, Discolouration of the Skin, Humours and Diseases of the Blood and Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally carried out of the system in a short time by the use of this world-famed medicine.

IMPORTANT ADVICE TO ALL.—Cleanse the vitiated blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in pimples, eruptions, and sores; cleanse it when you find it is obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul—your feelings will tell you when. Keep your blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

CAUTION.—Purchasers of Clarke's Blood Mixture should see that they get the genuine article. Worthless imitations and substitutes are sometimes palmed off by unprincipled vendors. The words "Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England," are engraved on the Government Stamp, and "Clarke's World-famed Blood Mixture," blown in the bottle, WITHOUT WHICH NONE ARE GENUINE.



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Cures old Sores.
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Clears the Blood from all impure matter from whatever cause arising.

It is a real specific for Gout and Rheumatic pains.
It removes the cause from the Blood and Bones.

A LETTER FROM FIJI.

"Noqui tau—Au sa vola yani vei ko daidai me vosa ena vuku ni noqui mate. Au so lomani ko vaka levu nikua ena vuku ni wai ni mate ko sa soli vei au. Tolu na vola au sa mate vaka levu dina ena vuku ni yavagu: au sa sega ni rawa tai uvi, au sa sega ni rawa misi-misi, au sa sega ni rawa kana, se moce; ia nikua au sa bula vinaka tale. Sa dua na wai ni mate vura vura dina! Au sa kere kere yani vei ko. Me soli au dua tale na taroya ni sa voleka dina na vula ni bo.

"Siga Vakarau, Bua, Vanue, Levu."

Translation of above Fiji Letter.

"My Friend—I write to you to-day to tell you about my illness. I love you very much to-day, because of the medicine you gave me. Three months I was very ill, truly, because of my leg. I could not plant yams; I could not go fishing; I could not eat or sleep; but now I am quite well again. It is truly a wonderful medicine. I beg you give me one more bottle, as the month of boils is near.

"Preparation Day (Saturday), Bua, Vanue, Levu."

EXPLANATION OF ABOVE.

In Fiji, at certain times of the year, both the European residents and the natives themselves break out in boils, which, if not immediately seen to, not infrequently develop into terrible running sores. At these times I can conscientiously assert that we know of no better medicine than "Clarke's Blood Mixture," which has been used with unflinching success both among the white and black population. The enclosed letter from "Jonathan," a Christianised Fijian, speaks for itself. For three months he had been almost a cripple, and yet one of your large bottles completely set him up. In ordinary cases even a less quantity will effect a cure.

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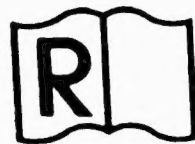
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